
J. Cole Sculp.


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XIMENA;

OR, THE

Heroick Daughter.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. *CIBBER.*

——— *Face nuptiali*
Digna, & in omne Virgo.
Nobilis Ævum. HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for B. LINTOT, between the *Temple-Gates*; A. BETTESWORTH, at the *Red-Lyon* in *Pater-noster-Row*; and W. CHETWOOD, at *Cato's-Head*, in *Russel-street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1719.

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TO

Sir *RICHARD STEELE.*

WHILE the World was under the daily Correction and Authority of your *Lucubrations*, their Influence on the Publick was not more visible in any one Instance, than the sudden Improvement (I might say Reformation) of the Stage, that immediately follow'd them: From whence it is now apparent, that many Papers, (which the Grave and Severe then thought were thrown away upon that Subject) were, in your speaking to the *Theatre*, still advancing the same Work, and instructing the same World in Miniature; to the end, that whenever you thought fit to be silent, the Stage, as you had amended it, might, by a kind of substituted Power, continue to Posterity, your peculiar manner of making the Improvement of their Minds their publick Diversion.

Nothing but a Genius ſo univerſally rever'd could, with ſuch Candor and Penetration, have pointed out its Faults and Miſconduct; and ſo effectually have redeem'd it Uſes and Excellence from Prejudice and Diſ-favour. How often have we known the moſt elegant Audiences drawn together at a Day's Warning, by the Influence or Warrant of a ſingle *Tatler*, in a Seaſon, when our beſt Endeavours without it, could not defray the Charge of the Performance? This powerful and innocent Artifice ſoon recover'd us into Faſhion, and ſpirited us up, to think ſuch new Favour of our Auditors worthy of our utmoſt Induſtry; and 'tis to that Induſtry ſo inſtructed, the Stage now owes its Reputation and Proſperity: And therefore, as I have heard you ſay, (which I hope will juſtify my repeating it) *viz.* To talk of ſuppreſſing the Stage, becauſe the Licentiouſneſs, Ignorance or Poverty of its former Profeſſors may have abus'd the proper Ends of it Inſtitution, were, in Morality, as abſurd a Violence, as it would be in Religion to ſilence the Pulpit, becauſe Sedition or Treaſon has been preach'd there: And tho' for the

ſame Reaſon our ancient Legiſlature may have been juſtly provok'd to mention ſuch Actors in Terms of Ignominy, yet that ought no more to be a Reproach to his Majeſty's preſent Company of Comedians, than it is to the Patriots of old *Rome*, that their firſt Founders were Robbers and Outlaws.

After ſuch Benefits receiv'd, what leſs return could the Gratitude and Intereſt of the Actors think of, than to intreat you to join in their Petition to the Crown, to ſet you at their Head, that you might as juſtly partake of the Profits, as the Praiſe and Merit of Supporting them? How much you have done for us was viſible to all the World, what Senſe we have of it is yet known to few; I therefore take this Occaſion to make our Acknowledgments, if poſſible, as publick as our Obligations.

The good you have done Mankind gives every ſenſible Heart a double Delight; that of the Benefit it ſelf, and the Pleaſure of thanking you: And yet, if we conſider the World, as one Perſon, we cannot but ſay it has been ungrateful to you: Had *Publick Spirit* been the Meaſure of *Publick*

Bounty, it had been no Court-Secret, how you had ſo ſuddenly ran into an Affluence of Fortune; every Peaſant might have accounted for that, tho' the Speculations of a Gentleman may be puzzled at the contrary. But when a *private* Man, in the Service of his Country, exerts a Genius and Courage that would better become his *Superiors*, we are not to wonder, if (in Right of their Precedence) Neglect or Envy ſhould reprimand his Forwardneſs into Manners and Modeſty; he is to be talk'd to in another Stile than he thinks of, and is to know, the Dignity of Office is ſo Sacred in its Nature, that it is a ſort of Inſolence for a Man to be wiſe, before he comes into it; That great Actions are not to thruſt themſelves into publick Service without Order or Direction; They ought properly, and only to come from the Hands of High Birth or Station, and the Honour of our national Spirit is not to be ſullied, by owing its greateſt Inſtances to the ignoble Head or Heart of a Commoner: Would not one think, Sir, from your Situation in the World, all this had been ſaid to you? But ſo it is, when a Man's Services are too eminent for

his Station, that Eminence is generally his Reward; he then ſtands the publick Gaze of Paſſengers, like a Mountain in a Meadow, *deſerted*, *poor*, and *thirſty*, while the Lands below him are water'd into *Fatneſs* and *Plenty*. Had it been your humble Choice to have lain in the common *Level* of Merit, your Crop had, of Courſe, been as full as your Neighbours. But if you think the World is to go out of its Road for you, you will be told, no Body can help your being in the Wrong; you have had Examples enough before you, that might have warn'd you into wiſer Obſervations. Did not the celebrated Author of *Hudibras* bring the King's Enemies into a lower Contempt with the Sharpneſs of his Wit, than all the Terrors of his Adminiſtration could reduce them to? Was not his Book always in the Pocket of his Prince? And what did the mighty Proweſs of this Knight-Errant amount to? Why --- he died with the higheſt Eſteem of the Court --- in a Garret. Might not the Corruption of thoſe Times have farther inform'd you too, that tho' a Man had all the Spirit and Capacity of an ancient *Roman* for the Ser-

vice

vice of his Country; yet if he would not enſlave thoſe Talents to the Will and Dominion of ſome great Leader in the State, if he would not privately liſt in his Troop, and implicitly obey Orders, he was treated at beſt as a Mutineer, and came off well, if he was only caſhier'd, and made incapable of future Preferment. Such, Sir, was then the Language and Practice of the World; and how much ſoever it may be mended now, it gives but a melancholy Reflection to know, that while in the late Reign you were warmly ſupporting our ſtaggering Hopes of the Proteſtant Succeſſion, the Enemies of it, then in Power, were ſubtle enough to offer you a Security of Fortune only to be *ſilent* --- An uncomfortable Account --- that even the *Forbearance of a Virtue* ſhould be worth more than the *Uſe* of it.

But I am not to forget, there has been a Circumſtance in your Merit too, that could have happen'd to no Man but your Self: To ſay you had hazarded your Life, or Fortune, for the Service of your Country, were but to allow you Praiſe in common with Thouſands, that have done the ſame:

But

But when we conſider how *Amiable a Fame* you ſacrific'd to its Intereſts, it would be barbarous not to inquire into the Value of it: How long, and happily did *Old Iſaac* triumph in the univerſal Love, and Favour of his Readers? The Grave, the Chearful, the Wiſe, the Witty, Old, Young, Rich and Poor, all Sorts, though never ſo oppoſite in Character, whether Beaux or Biſhops, Rakes or Men of Buſineſs, Coquets or Statesmen, Whigs or Tories, All were equally his Friends, and thought their Tea in a Morning had not its Taſte without him; Thus, while you appear'd the *Agreeable Philoſopher* only, Mankind by a general Aſſent came into your Applauſe, and Service: And yet, how in a Moment was this calm, and unrivall'd Enjoyment blown into the Air, when the Apprehenſion of your Country's being in a Flame called upon you to reſign it, by employing the ſame Spirit of Conviction, in the reſtleſs Office of a *Patriot*? For no ſooner did you riſe the Champion of our inſulted Conſtitution, than one Half of the Nation (that had juſt before allow'd you

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the proper *Cenſor* of our Morals) in an Inſtant deny'd you to have had either *Wit*, *Senſe* or *Genius*; the Column they had been two Years jointly raiſing to your Reputation, was then, in as few Days, thrown down by the implacable Hands that rais'd it. But when they found no Attacks of Prejudice could deface the real Beauty of your Writings, and that they *ſtill* recover'd from the Blow, their Malice then indeed was driven to its laſt Hold, of giving the Chief Merit of them to another great Author, who they allow'd had never ſo audaciouſly provok'd them: This was indeed turning your own Cannon upon you, and making uſe of your private Vertue to depreciate your Character; for had not the diffuſive Benevolence of your Heart thought even *Fame* too great a Good to be poſſeſs'd *alone*, you would never (as you confeſs'd in the *Preface* to thoſe Works) have taken your neareſt Friend into a Share of it: A Man of Modern Prudence would have conſider'd a *Fame* ſo *peculiar*, as a Miſtreſs, whom *his* Services only had deſerved; and would have maturely deliberated,

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before he truſted her Conſtancy in private, with the deareſt Friend upon Earth: Your Enemies therefore thus knowing that your own Conſent had partly juſtify'd their Inſinuations, ſaved a great deal of their Malice from being ridiculous, and fairly left you to apply to ſuch your ſingular Conduct, what *Mark Antony* ſays of *Octavius* in the Play--

Fool that I was! upon my Eagle's Wings
I bore this Wren, 'till I was tir'd with ſoaring,
And now, he mounts above me---- Dryd.

Nothing is more common among the prudent Men of this World, than their Admiration that you will not (with all your Talents) be guided to the proper Steps of making your Fortune: as if that were the *non ultra* of Happineſs: Can they ſuppoſe that Flattery, Deceit and Treachery, or the perpetual Surrender of our Reaſon, Will, and Freedom to the Convenience, and Paſſions of others, with a Train of the like abject Servilities, if your Spirit could ſtoop to them, are not as ſoon attain'd to, as their contrary

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Vertues? And that conſequently it is much eaſier to *make* a Fortune, than to *deſerve* One? Such Men can never know how much the Conſcious Tranſport of having done their Duty, is preferable to all the mean, unweildy Pomp of arrogant, and unmerited Proſperity--- But let them hug themſelves, and count their Happineſs by their Sums of Gold; yours is to know, the Service you have done your Country has contributed to their being ſecure in the Poſſeſſion of it, and that ſuch (however unfaſhionable Actions) are (like their Gold) intrinſically valuable only for their Weight, which can neither riſe or fall from the Stamp of Favour, or Diſcouragement. And that theſe Men may not ſuppoſe, you did not, as well as the Wiſeſt of them, foreſee this Barren Conſequence of your Endeavours, I ſhall beg Leave to quote a prophetick Inſtance to the contrary, which you publiſh'd in N°. II. of a Paper, call'd *The Reader*, in the Year 1714.

'There was a certain Husbandman, in a cer-
'tain Kingdom, who liv'd in a certain Place,
'under a certain Hill, near a certain Bridge:

'This

'This poor Man was a little of a Scholar, and 'given to Country Learning: ſuch as Aſtrolo-'gical Predictions of the Weather, and the 'like. One Night in One of his Muſings about 'the Houſe, he ſaw a Party of Soldiers belong-'ing to a Prince, in Enmity with his own, 'coming towards the Bridge: he immediately 'ran, and drew up that Part which is called 'the *Draw-Bridge*, and calling all his Family, 'and getting his Cattel together, he put his 'Plough, behind that his Stools, and his Chairs 'behind them, and by this Means ſtopped the 'March 'till it was *Day-light*, when all the 'Neighbouring Lords and Gentlemen *ſaw the 'Enemy as well as he.* They crowded on with 'great Gallantry to oppoſe the Foe, and in 'their Zeal and Hurry, throwing our Hus-'bandman Over-bridge, and his Goods after 'him, effectually kept out the Invaders. This 'Accident, ſays my Author, was the Safety of 'that Kingdom; yet no one ought to be diſ-'comfited from the publick Service for what 'happen'd to this Ruſtick; for tho' he was neg-'lected at the preſent, and every Man ſaid he 'was an honeſt Fellow, that he was no one's 'Enemy but his *own*, and that no Body ſaid he 'was every one's *Friend* but his *own*, the Man 'had ever after the Liberty, that *he*, and no 'other but *he, and his Family, ſhould beg* on that 'Bridge in all Times following.

Had you not publiſhed this Predicti-on ſo many Years ago, the Art, or Ma-

lice of Men might have inſinuated, that the Hope of ſome farther Reward, than that of the Action it ſelf, had been the Motive to your Zeal, for the then endanger'd Proteſtant Succeſſion.

But alas! I fear I am running into the ſame publick-ſpirited Raſhneſs, it being impoſſible to ſpeak Truth of you, without giving Shame to others, who may not perhaps have your Talent of eaſily forgiving, whatever is Honeſt in its Intention: I ſhall therefore beg Leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf, SIR,

Your moſt devoted

Sept. the 29th, 1719.

humble Servant,

Colley Cibber.

TO

TO THE READER.

THE *Cid* of *Monſieur Corneille* (from whence the following Scenes are drawn) has made ſuch an *Eclat* on all the Theatres of *Europe*, that were I to be wholly ſilent on the Side of the *Heroick Daughter*, the great Liberties I have taken in altering the Conduct of his Fable, might be more imputed to a vain Opinion of my own Judgment, than any Foundations in Reaſon, or Nature: But I hope I ſhall ſtand upon better Terms with the Impartial, and the Curious. I am not inſenſible what vaſt Odds will be offer'd againſt me, while I am entering the Liſts with ſo Fam'd an Author, as *Corneille*: But that ſhall not diſcourage me: For I look upon Truth in an Argument, to be like Courage in a Combat, the beſt Advantage a Man can have over his Antagoniſt; 'tis not his Fame ought to fright me; for let mine be never ſo obſcure, if I am in the Right, his being in the Wrong will be no more a Wonder,

than that a Watchman's plain Staff ſhould foil the Sword of a Field-Officer.

But I have a farther View, That while I am comparing the Two Plays, I may give the Lovers of the *Theatre* ſome Inſight into the Merit, and Difficulty of forming a good Fable; and that even our common Spectators, who find themſelves unaccountably pleas'd with a pathetick Scene, may be more pleas'd, by knowing they have Reaſon to be ſo.

It may perhaps be expected, I ſhould offer ſome Excuſe for not publiſhing this Piece till Seven Years after its firſt Appearance on the Stage; and you will probably anſwer, I had as good have ſaid nothing about it, as to tell you it has been little better than Idleneſs, or Indifference: For it having done my Buſineſs, when acted, I confeſs I wanted the Modern Appetite for Fame, that Authors uſually think follows them into the Country, after Publication. But if I had any real Cauſe to defer it, it was from an Obſervation I had made, that moſt of my Plays (except the Firſt, the *Fool in Faſhion*) had a better Reception from the Publick, when my Intereſt was no longer concern'd in them: I therefore ſuppos'd this might have a fairer Chance for Favour, when the Author had no farther Stake upon it: And I hope I may be allow'd the Honeſt Vanity of this Complaint, while I have (to my Coſt) ſo many Facts to to ſupport it--- Every Auditor, whoſe Memory will give him Leave, cannot but know, that *Richard* the *Third*, which I alter'd from *Shakeſpear*, did not raiſe me Five Pounds on the Third Day, though for ſeveral Years ſince, it has

has ſeldom, or never fail'd of a crowded Audience-- The *Fop's Fortune* lagg'd on the Fourth Day, and only held up its Head by the Heels of the *French Tumblers*, who it ſeems had ſo much Wit in their Limbs, that they forc'd the Town to ſee it, till it laugh'd it ſelf into their good Graces.-- The *Kind Impoſtor* did not pay the Charges on the Sixth Day, tho' it has ſince brought me, as a Sharer, more than I was then diſappointed of as Author-- 'Twas at firſt a moot Point whether the *Careleſs Husband* ſhould live or die; but the Houſes it has ſince fill'd have reproach'd the former Coldneſs of its Auditors--- The *Wife's Reſentment* is another, tho' not an equal, Inſtance of the ſame Nature.

But not to take the Particularity of this Treatment wholly to my ſelf, I confeſs it has ſometimes been the Fate of the better Authors: Nor ought we ſo much to wonder at it, if we conſider, that there is in Human Nature a certain low latent Malice to all laudable Undertakings, which never dares break out upon any Thing, with ſo much Licence, as on the Fame of a Dramatick Writer: For even the laviſh Applauſe, that is uſually heaped upon his firſt Labours, is not perhaps ſo entirely owing to their real Admiration of the Work itſelf, as the mean Pleaſure they take in ſwelling him up to Rival the Reputation of others, that have writ well before him: If he ſucceeds in a firſt Play, let him look well to the next, for then he is enter'd the Herd, as a Common Enemy, and is to know that they, who gave him Fame, can take it away; he is then to be allow'd no more Merit or Mercy, than the reſt of his Brethren:

Of which nothing can be a ſtronger Inſtance, than the Torrent of Applauſe, that was deſervedly thrown in upon the *Old Batchelor*, and the boiſterous Cavils that the next Year unreaſonably over-run the ſame Author's Play of the *Double-Dealer*: And I am apt to believe, that after the Succeſs of the *Funeral*, it was the ſame Caprice that deſerted the *Tender Husband*: And that all this is not mere Conjecture only, I beg Leave to relate a Matter of Fact, that perhaps will better incline you to my Opinion.

When the *Heroick Daughter* was firſt Acted, I had the Curioſity (not having then any Part in it) ſometimes to ſlip unſeen into the Side-Boxes, where I met with the higheſt Mixture of Pleaſure, and Mortification: The Pleaſure was in obſerving the Generality of the Audience, in a ſilent, fix'd Attention, never failing by their Looks or Geſtures, to diſcover thoſe pleaſing Emotions of the Mind, which I was always confident would ariſe from ſo elevated a Subject: The Mortification was from a Set of well-dreſs'd merry making Criticks, that call themſelves the *Town*, whoſe private Wit was continually inſulting the publick Diverſion, by their waggiſh Endeavours to Burleſque every Thing, that ſeem'd to have a ſerious Effect on their Neighbours; and treating the poor Rogue the Author (who ſtood with his Hat over his Eyes at their Elbow) with the utmoſt Inſults, Scandal, and Malevolence: And when the Play was over, ſome of the ſame Perſons, (which had like to have made me laugh) came, and wiſh'd me Joy of its Succeſs: But I have ſince ſeen frequent Inſtances, that the ſame Sort of

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Auditors, with a little Management, have been made as enterprizing Friends to other Authors, as they were then Enemies to me: For with ſome leading Man of the Town, or celebrated Wit at the Head of them, they have been often known, by their over-bearing Manner of Applauſe, to make a wretched ſickly Play ſtand ſtoutly upon its Legs for Six Days together: But (as in mine, and moſt Caſes) when they are not ſo engaged and marſhall'd, they naturally run Riot into Miſchief and Cruelty. Upon the Whole, till this Accident convinc'd me, I never could believe, that to bring a Play upon the Stage, was ſo invidious a Task; and as it was with great Reluctance, that I from hence reſolv'd never to trouble the Town with another, ſo I found it neceſſary, (while I was a Player at leaſt) not to put People of meer Pleaſure and Fortune in Mind, that I durſt pretend to any Talent that their Footmen might not be equally Maſters of: And if in Breach of this Reſolution, I have ſince attempted in the *Non-juror* to expoſe the Enemies of our Conſtitution, and Liberties, it was becauſe I knew the Friends of the Government would ſecure me a fair Hearing, and from all ſuch Apprehenſions of being diſturbed, by the wanton Malice of a few *Petits Maitres*; not but I flatter my ſelf, that even its Enemies will allow, I gave their Principles fair Play in the Characters of Sir *John Woodville*, and *Charles*, who were no where ſhewn in a contemptible Light; and I hope it was no great Malice to make them amiable in their Converſion--- If therefore I have not juſtly accounted for the Neglect, or Diſcouragement, which moſt of my

other Plays met with at firſt; I ſhall however beg Leave of the World to comfort my ſelf with ſuppoſing, that their preſent Succeſs is now, one Way or other owing, to their Merit. But I have rambled too far from my firſt Deſign, which was to give you

An EXAMEN of the *Cid*, and the *Heroick Daughter*.

THE great Beauties of the *French* Play, are in the tender Compaſſion that riſes from the Misfortunes of the Two Lovers *Rodrigue*, and *Chimene*; but ſhould we not be much more ſenſible of their Diſtreſs, if before we ſaw them unfortunate, we were firſt rais'd to a proper Admiration of their Perſons, and Virtues: They may indeed, as in the *Cid*, move us ſimply, as Lovers; but as *ſuch* Lovers, their Sorrows would certainly ſtrike deeper into the Hearts of an Audience. In this Point *Corneille* ſeems defective; for he opens his Play with a cold Converſation between *Chimene*, and her *Suivante*, whom *Chimene* deſires to repeat, what Reaſon ſhe had to ſuppoſe, the Count her Father was inclin'd to prefer her favoured Lover *Rodrigue*, to his Rival Don *Sanchez*? By the Way ſhe owns in the ſame Scene, ſhe has heard all this before; but when an Author wants to acquaint his Audience with a neceſſary Fact, nothing is ſo common, as to make ſome Perſon in the Play improbably deſirous to hear it over again. A poor Shift! we ſee thro' it, 'tis lazy--- He could not but know, that *Artis eſt celare Artem*. After *Chimene* is inform'd, that her Father has allow'd *Rodrigue* the Perſon moſt worthy

thy of her, ſhe thinks the News too good to be true, and is ſtill, (tho' ſhe can't very well tell why) afraid it will come to nothing, and ſo quaintly walks off, to as little Purpoſe as ſhe came on.

In all this Scene, *Chimene* utters no one Sentiment that can poſſibly draw to her the leaſt Eſteem from the Audience; we only as yet ſee her a marriageable young Woman, that is willing to have a Husband--- A poor ſetting out for the Heroine of a Tragedy; the Hero indeed is leſs faultily manag'd, for he never appears till he enters at once into his Diſtreſs of being oblig'd to revenge the Blow, his Father had juſt receiv'd, upon the Father of his Miſtreſs, who gave it. This Incident is doubtleſs of uncommon Beauty: But had we been better acquainted with the Merit, and Dignity of his Paſſion for the Daughter of his Enemy, before his critical Entrance on that Occaſion, our Imagination would have had a much higher Alarm, at the firſt Sight of them; and this was palpably evident from the different Surprize his ſudden Appearance gave in the *Heroick Daughter* at *London*, to what I obſerv'd it had in the ſame Scene of the *Cid*, when Acted at *Paris*.

In the *Engliſh* Play more Care is taken to make the Audience ſure, the Son brings with him the higheſt Sentiments of Courage, Love and Honour, that muſt make a ſenſible Heart tremble at the immediate Diſtreſs, in which his firſt Appearance ſhews him involv'd.

The ſecond Scene in the *Cid* breaks into the Apartment of the Infanta, who is ſecretly in Love with *Rodrigue*, but her Honour combating with the Inequality of his Birth, ſhe reſolves to ſacrifice her

Paſſion to her Glory, and in order to it, uſes her utmoſt Endeavours to advance his Marriage with her Rival *Chimene*: There is ſomething ſo romantick, ſo cold, and inactive in this Epiſode, and ſo very little conducive to the main Deſign, that I have left it quite out of the *Heroick Daughter*, and ſupply'd the Vacancy with the Character of *Belzara*, to whom I have given a more Natural Intereſt to advance the Marriage of *Ximena*, which is to make Don *Sanchez* (whom *Belzara* is contracted to) deſpair of her. *Corneille* ſeems even in this Scene too, to have loſt a fair Occaſion of heightening the Character of *Rodrigue*, and preparing the Audience in his Favour; but the Infanta, in no Part of it, mentions the leaſt Motive to her Paſſion for him, unleſs that he is a *Jeune Cavalier*.

The next Scene introduces the Quarrel, and the Blow given to the Father of *Rodrigue*, by the Father of his Miſtreſs, and this is the firſt Scene of the *Cid*, that is made uſe of in the *Heroick Daughter*: This Quarrel ſeems too ſuddain, and unprepared, and wants the Terror that would naturally ariſe from it, if, as I obſerv'd, the Audience were prepoſſeſs'd with a proper Admiration of the Lovers, whoſe approaching Ruin they would then be more nearly concern'd for; and this Concern I have attempted to give by the Preparation of a whole firſt Act in the *Heroick Daughter*, which is intirely unborrowed, and previous to the firſt Opening *Beauties* of the *Cid*: The Heroick Obligations, that have paſſed between the two Lovers, (whom I call *Carlos* and *Ximena*,) before they ſecretly

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entertain or publickly avow their Paſſion; the gentle manner of *Ximena*'s firſt ſoftning the Prejudice of *Alvarez*; the ſolemn Interpoſition of the King to heal the Hereditary Feud of their Families, and his crowning their Reconcilement with the immediate Union of the Lovers, were all intended to give a Dignity to their Paſſion, and conſequently to move the Audience with a quicker Senſe of their enſuing Calamities, than if (as they are in the *Cid*) they had been only ſhewn in their mere lawful Deſire of being vertuous Bedfellows.

Though Terror ſeems the favourite Paſſion of *Corneille*, and what he uſually paints in much more lively Colours than his Objects of Pity; yet the fatal Rupture that ruins the Happineſs of theſe Lovers, loſes half its Force and Beauty for want of Art or Pains in preparing it. For Terror muſt certainly riſe in Proportion to the Object it menaces; and we cannot be as much concern'd for the Misfortunes of Merit unknown, as for what is evident and conſpicuous, and till that Rupture happens, we are (in the *Cid*) utter Strangers to the Merit of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*.

But beſides all this, the Quarrel it ſelf ſeems an Accident meerly ariſing from the brutal Temper of the Count, and the Spectator might as well expect, from the beginning of the Scene, that it was to end in a friendly Concluſion of their Childrens Marriage, as their ſo unforeſeen and violent Enmity: And tho' Surprize is a neceſſary Part of Tragedy, yet that Surprize is never to be abrupt: for when it is ſo, it is more apt to ſhock, than delight us; we do

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not love to be ſtartled into a Pleaſure: As an Audience ought never to be wholly let into the ſecret Deſign of a Play, ſo they ought not to be intirely kept out of it, you may ſafely leave room for the Imagination to gueſs at the Nature of the Thing you intend, and are only to ſurprize them with your Manner of bringing it about: As in the ſecond Act of *Dryden's All for Love*; where *Marc Antony* ſeems confirm'd in his Reſolution to part with *Cleopatra*; yet when he once conſents to expoſtulate with her in Perſon, tho' you eaſily foreſee the Conteſt is to End to her Advantage, yet you are far from loſing the Pleaſure of your Surprize, while it is ſo artfully executed; nay, you have a farther Delight, from the private Applauſe you give to your own Judgment, in ſo rightly foreſeeing the Concluſion; and to this Reaſon may be attributed the Succeſs of moſt Allegorical Writings —— But here (in this Scene of the Quarrel in the *Cid*) is an important Action brought about, and you know not what it means, till it is over. Then indeed you ſee — What? why, that the Hopes of the young Couples Wedding are all blown up; like enough, but the Audience have as yet no great Reaſon to be concern'd at it, they know very little of them. Beſide, the Scene is half over before you know who the old Men are, or what their Quarrelling can ſignify; ſo that your Admiration cannot go along with the Performance, and your Attention is either loſt, or in pain, till the Author explains himſelf; which is afterwards too late, your Imagination is not at leiſure to look ſo far back for the Propriety of what's paſt; you are then to be

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intent upon what is to come, or elſe what you *have* ſeen, is but an Interruption to what you *are* to ſee; the Caſe of many a modern Play: This Lazineſs, or want of Skill in an Author, does not give an Auditor fair play for his Money, it will not let him ſee all the Play, nor is it enough to ſay, the Scene is notwithſtanding Natural —— If you cannot ſay it has Art, as well as Nature, you praiſe it but by halves.

I cannot omit another Objection to the Character of the Count, who is ſo inſolent, fierce, and turbulently vain of his Merit, that he is below the Dignity of the Subject: Nor will his being a *Spaniard* excuſe it, they are all *Spaniards* in the Play; and tho' a ridiculous Pride is natural to the Nation, we are not by that Rule to ſhew a *Frenchman* dancing, or a *Dutchman* drunk in a Tragedy. In ſhort, he is a mere *Miles Glorioſus*, and makes ſo diſagreeable a Figure, that we have much ado to think him an Object worthy of that filial Regard and Duty which *Chimene* pays to his Memory. I therefore thought it neceſſary, in higher Juſtification of her Sorrows, and Virtue, to make him more Civiliz'd and Rational in the *Heroick Daughter*; his honourable and open Reconcilement to *Alvarez*; his generous Compaſſion for the Diſtreſs of *Carlos*, whom he had reduc'd to the Neceſſity of fighting him: his Humanity and Honour (in caſe he fell by his Sword) in bequeathing him his Daughter, were all attempted to give the Audience, as well as *Ximena*, a more juſtifiable Regret for the Loſs of him — The only Reaſon *Corneille* ſeems to have for making him ſo brutal,

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is to introduce an unreaſonable Quarrel, from whence all the Diſtreſs of the Play was to riſe: I have likewiſe attempted to remove that Objection, by grounding the Jealouſy and Reſentment of the Count upon the ſubtle Inſinuations of *Sanchez*, it being the immediate (tho' diſhonourable) Intereſt of his Love to *Ximena*, by any Artifice to obſtruct her Marriage with *Carlos*: This Expedient I thought would make the Count more excuſable in his violent Meaſures, and might remove the Odium that lay hard upon him in the *Cid*, by throwing it upon *Sanchez*, whoſe Character here may better endure it.

The next Scene of Moment that follows the Quarrel, is the Challenge, which is delivered with ſo vaunting a Boaſt by *Rodrigue*, that one would imagine he thought it firſt prudent to frighten his Enemy, before he fought him; and truly, by the Behaviour of the Count, he ſeems to have carried his Point; for after the Challenge is made, the Count as pleaſantly evades it, by pretending to be offended with *Rodrigue*'s Preſumption, in calling him to an Account. In ſhort, they debate ſo heartily, that you begin to loſe your Apprehenſion of its coming to Miſchief; for even after they ſeem both determin'd, and going out, the Count is reſolv'd to have t'other Chance for reſuming the Debate, and ſays briskly to *Rodrigue*—*Art thou ſo weary of thy Life?* But I think nothing can better expoſe the Abſurdity of the Queſtion, than the ſhrewd Anſwer that is made to it, viz. *What are you afraid to die?* There is Reaſon in the Anſwer, but (between two Men of Honour) there could be none for the Queſtion.

This

This ſort of Behaviour I could not be reconcil'd to, and have taken the liberty, in the firſt ſix Lines of the Scene, to get the Challenge accepted with the plain Language of a Man determined: And tho' I could not allow them to expoſtulate, while their Courage was only in queſtion, yet I could not help thinking the Lover, in ſome part of the Scene, owed a Sigh or two to the Terrors of his Miſtreſs, and the certain Miſery his Honour was then going to reduce her to, which would have been ſtill unqueſtionable, tho' his Regard to her had here ſhewn its laſt Effort to right his Injuries with a bloodleſs Reparation: For tho' he had before debated himſelf into a Reſolution of revenging them, yet nothing is more natural, than to ſee Love turn back, and back again, for another laſt Adieu. I ſhall here beg leave to quote a few Lines from the Scene it ſelf, as the ſhorteſt Way of explaining how I have conducted it — When the Place of Meeting is juſt going to be appointed, *Carlos* ſtops ſhort—and ſays to the Count

One Moment's reſpite for Ximena's *ſake, (her:*
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart would ſpare
We both without a Stain to either's Honour,
May pity her Diſtreſs, and pauſe to ſave her.
Nor need I bluſh, that I ſuſpend my Cauſe,
Since with its Vengeance, her ſure Woes are blended;
O! lay not on her Innocence, the Grief
Of a mourn'd Father, or a Lover's Blood!
O! ſpare her Sighs, prevent her ſtreaming Tears,
Stop this Effuſion of my bleeding Honour,
And heal, if poſſible, its Wounds with Peace.

To

To all which, when the Count is immoveable, and grows at laſt impatient of his Reproaches; then *Carlos* recovers to his Honour, and breaks out as follows ——

O! give me back that vile ſubmiſſive Shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance;
Tet no — withhold it! take it to acquit my Love,
That Sacrifice was to Ximena *due:*
Her helpleſs Sufferings claim'd that Pang; and ſince
I cannot bring Diſhonour to her Arms,
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its laſt Adieu,
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace:
Farewel dear injur'd Softneſs — Follow me.

After the Place of Meeting is appointed, *Carlos* troubles you with no more of his Love, than by uttering with a Sigh, as he goes out,

Poor Ximena. ——

Which had ſo compaſſionate an Effect upon our *Engliſh* Hearers, that if his Love was then a Weakneſs, it was at leaſt ſuch a one, as they heartily forgave him.

The next Scene of the *Infanta*, (who is always dropping in, like cold Water upon the Heat of the main Action) is for that Reaſon again left out; our difference otherwiſe is not material, till the King receives Notice of the Count's being kill'd by *Rodrigue*, which is ſo ſlightly related, or to uſe *Corneille*'s own Words, *Sans aucune Narration touchante*, and receiv'd with ſo little Surprize or Curioſity, to know any Circum-

Circumſtances of the Action, that upon my firſt reading the *French* Play, I ſcarce knew whether I was to believe him dead, or no. I have therefore endeavour'd, in the *Heroick Daughter*, to awaken the Audience, by making that Relation more ſolemn and particular, and to prepare the Probability of the *Cataſtrophe*, which I ſhall better account for in its Place: But in the laſt Scene of this ſecond Act it muſt be allow'd, the *Cid* begins to ſeize upon the Heart of the Spectator, and this is one of thoſe great Beauties that have ſo juſtly given riſe to its Fame: The fluctuating Pity, that is ſo finely perplex'd between the Tears of a pious Daughter, and the venerable Sorrows of a Father: The happy Skill of throwing them both, in the ſame inſtant, at the King's Feet for Juſtice and Mercy; and with Pretenſions ſo equally laudable, is an Incident which few Tragedies, either Ancient or Modern, can boaſt of. The only liberty I have taken with this Scene, is in making the Father plead with more Reſignation, and rather to truſt his Cauſe to its ſimple Merits, than thoſe of his own paſt Services.

The next Act opens with *Rodrigue*'s appearing in the Apartment of his Miſtreſs, where he leſſens his Character, by juſtifying his Honour to her Servant: After *Chimene* too is left alone with the ſame Servant *Elvire*, ſhe throws away a great many fine Sentiments upon that prating Creature, who has no Senſe of them, but endeavours to comfort her by vulgar Advice, which makes *Chimene* inexcuſable to hear: beſide the main Action cools in the Converſation: This is avoided in the *Heroick Daughter*, by making

making *Belzara* the third Perſon in theſe two Scenes, who has an Intereſt in ſerving *Carlos*, yet never is mean or diſhonourable in her attempting it. But the next Scene makes us ample amends for all we may have juſtly found fault with.

The Meeting of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*, throws us into a Tenderneſs that is irreſiſtible: This Incident gives the *Cid* as fair an Aſſurance of being Immortal, as any modern Poetry can hope for. There is ſomething ſo amiable in the Deſpair of *Rodrigue*, in his natural Diſregard of his Safety, for the reſiſtleſs Pleaſure of ſeeing his Miſtreſs: and we are apt to be ſo ſeiz'd with the inſtant Idea of her tender Paſſion breaking through her filial Obligations to purſue him, that at the firſt ſight of them it is impoſſible, for an attentive Auditor, not to feel the moſt agreeable Tranſport and Aſtoniſhment: And ſince the Incident is *Corneille*'s, and not mine, it may be no Vanity to ſay, this Effect was evident from the hurry and buſy Murmur that ran through the Audience at its firſt Preſentation in *London*. And it would indeed be a Reflection on our *Engliſh* Taſte, to ſuppoſe we could be leſs ſenſible than our Neighbours, of ſo palpable an Excellence: For *Corneille* ſpeaking of the Reception of this Scene in *Paris*, ſays,

Qu'alors que ce malhereux amant ſe preſentoit devant elle, il s'elevoit un certain Fremiſſement dans l'Aſſembleé, qui marquoit une Curioſite merveilleuſe, & un redoublement d'attention pour ce qu'ils avoient à ſe dire dans un eſtat ſi pitoyable.

But

But allowing it all this Admiration, I have ſome Reaſons to offer (to better Judgment) why the Conduct of this Scene in the *Heroick Daughter*, is not implicitly form'd upon the Model of that in the *Cid:* I cannot but think, that *Rodrigue*'s entring with an Anſwer to the laſt Words of *Chimene*, muſt be unnatural, if you don't ſuppoſe him to have liſten'd at the Door to her private Diſcourſe; and tho' 'tis poſſible moſt of our modiſh Criticks may own they would have liſten'd in his Condition, yet that is no Proof, that liſt'ning, eſpecially in another Perſon's Houſe, is not always the Effect of Meanneſs, Ill-Manners, or Treachery; I therefore thought it more reaſonable to let him approach her in a mute ſubmiſſive Addreſs, and to give him Time for it, have thrown *Ximena* into a reproachful Aſtoniſhment the Moment ſhe ſees him: *Corneille* after ſome fine Touches of their Diſtreſs, ſuffers him to proceed in Excuſe of his Offence, in which he ſeems too fond of ſhewing the Man of Honour, and the harſh Terms he uſes in his Juſtification, are too Choquant for the Ear of an injur'd Miſtreſs. Theſe are his Words,

" *Car enfin ne'attens pas de mon Affection,*
" *Un lâche repentir d'une bonne Action.*

And a little farther:

" *Je le ferois encore, ſi J'avois à le faire.*

This laſt Line is omitted in the *Heroick Daughter*, and the firſt are ſoften'd by only ſaying,

" — *How ſhall I repent me of a Crime,*
" *Which uncommited had deſerv'd thy Scorn?*

I have endeavour'd in the ſame Speech to make his Crime more pitiful, by his pleading the Regard he had to her Peace, in firſt endeavouring to reduce her Father into a Temper, that might have ended their Difference with a leſs fatal Reparation; and it ſeems to heighten the Diſtreſs of *Ximena*, when you ſee her Heart is full, and conſcious of the Obligation.

After *Chimene* has anſwer'd his Plea, in the moſt ſublime Sentiments of her filial Duty to purſue him for her Father's Death, *Rodrigue* inſiſts, that her own Hand alone ought to ſatisfy her Vengeance; I have here made bold to ſhorten their Arguments upon this Point, which ſeem a little too near the Romantick, and have ſubſtituted one, that I thought more agreeable to Nature, where *Carlos* ſays,

Let not the Wretch once honour'd with thy Love,
Thy Carlos, *once thought worthy of thy Arms,*
Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Juſtice,
To draw the irkſome Pity of a Crowd,
Who may with vulgar Reaſon, call thee Cruel;
My Death from thee will elevate thy Vengeance,
And ſhew, like mine, thy Duty ſcorn'd Aſſiſtance.

But the greateſt Omiſſion in this Scene, is that *Chimene* ſo far forgets her filial Duty, as to take no Precaution, not ſo much as his Word of Honour, that *Rodrigue* ſhall appear to anſwer his Crime to the Law; ſhe is indeed concern'd for her Reputation, and on that Account only deſires him to leave her; her laſt Concern, when they part at the End of the Scene, is,

" —— *Et ſur tout Garde bien, qu'on Te voye.*

This

This makes their Meeting look too like a modern Intrigue, I have therefore endeavour'd to give her a better Reaſon for releaſing him; when he reproaches her with want of Love, in refuſing his Deſire to fall by her Hand, ſhe replies—

Can Hate have Part in Interviews like this?
Art thou not now within my Power to ſeize?
Yet I'll releaſe thee, Carlos, *on thy Word,*
Give me thy Word, that on the Morrow's Noon
Before the King, in Perſon thou wilt anſwer,
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.

I do not ſee how the Scene could poſſibly be ſaid to have a juſt Concluſion, but by this mutual Diſcharge of their Duty for the preſent: And when *Carlos* had given his Honour to appear, then indeed there is a more pardonable and natural Excuſe for the Tenderneſs they fall into; which tho' the *Reader* muſt be charm'd with in the Original, I have ventur'd to alter, to make them more agreeable to the *Spectator*.

The next Scene breaks into the Street, where the Father of *Rodrigue* is wandring up and down alone, in Search of his Son; a very ſlender Mark of his Wiſdom, and puts one in Mind of a Vulgar Saying— *To look for a Needle*, &c.— Nay, he does all this, tho' he has Five Hundred Friends in his Houſe (whom he had drawn together to vindicate the Cauſe of his Honour) waiting for him; and there is no Excuſe appears for his leaving them alone, or why ſome do not attend him Abroad: Where he entertains the Audience with a long Account (which he gives to himſelf) of his Condition, in pointed Conceits, and quaint Antitheſes, that would be

much prettier in an Epigram— At laſt he meets with his Son, with whom he falls into a tedious Argument; and to comfort his Sorrow for the Loſs of his Miſtreſs, tells him there are more Women than *Ximena*, and would have him ſhew the Greatneſs of his Heart, in ſhaking off its Weakneſs for her: This ſeems unpardonable, and ſtains the Character of the Father; for to ſuppoſe him capable of changing his Miſtreſs, takes away Half the Merit of the Son's having reveng'd his Honour; which, had he not inviolably loved her, had only ſhewn his Courage in common with other Men. The Anſwer the Son makes him, indeed is truly Great, which it might eaſily be, when he had ſo diſhonourable a Thought to oppoſe; ſo that the one Speech is only fine from the other's being improper, I might ſay unnatural: This Scene ſeems extremely cold, after the Spirit and warm Paſſion in the preceding One: Care ſhould be always taken in ſuch Caſes not to ſuffer the Attention to languiſh, but (as *Horace* ſays— *Semper ad eventum feſtinet*) when the Subject will not ſuffer us to exceed what is gone before, we ſhould at leaſt keep our Hearers awake, by being buſy about new Matter and Action, plainly neceſſary to carry on the Story of the Play. All that ſeems uſeful in this Scene, is the laſt Speech of it, which is the only One, that is taken into the *Heroick Daughter*: There *Alvarez* appears at the Head of his Friends in his own Houſe, where his Son may be ſuppos'd with more Probability to come to him. But *Corneille* honeſtly tells us in his *Examen* of the *Cid*, that the Reaſon, why he did not bring on Don *Diegue* with

his

his Friends about him, was becauſe thoſe Perſonages are generally ſupply'd by aukward Fellows, and Candle-Snuffers— A miſerable Sign of the Lowneſs of the *French* Theatre, when ſo great an Author is forc'd to reſtrain his Fancy, and to commit an Abſurdity, to make his Play fit for the Stage— But this not being our Caſe here, I had the Liberty of Writing, as well as I could. After *Corneille* has done his Scene, I have given the Son a Soliloquy, that I thought would be a new Motive to the Compaſſion of the Audience; if your Curioſity is as warm as my Vanity could wiſh it, you will now turn to it at the End of the Fourth Act.

The Two laſt Acts of the *Cid*, tho' in Nature, they may be finely written, loſe Half their Force for Want of Art: All thoſe great Sentiments which *Chimene* utters to the *Infanta* in the Beginning of the Fourth Act, are improper in that Place; for ſhe is not only arguing her Caſe with one, that has nothing to do with it, but ſhe is merely *talking* while ſhe ſhould be *doing*; we are impatient for the Iſſue of her Appeal to the King, and it is no Excuſe to the Hearer, that the King's Daughter ſtops her by the Way, when it was in the Poet's Choice to have ſent the King's Daughter to Prayers, or any other Employment in the mean Time— In ſhort, the Author ſeems to want Matter for Two Acts more, and is reduc'd to theſe Shifts to give the Audience full Meaſure for their Money: But the *Heroick Daughter*, having a whole firſt Act added before the Action of the *Cid* begins, of Conſequence transfers the Third Act of the *French* Play into the Fourth of the *Engliſh*, by

which Expedient, the neceſſary Matter of the Two laſt Acts of the One, are eaſily contain'd in the ſingle Fifth Act of the Other.

The next Prolixity the *Cid* entertains us with, is the King's ſolemn Reception of *Rodrigue* after his Defeat of the *Moors*; which let it be never ſo juſtly due to the Merit of the Action, yet *Non nunc erat his locus.* All this moves us not, and might have been ſuppos'd, or related only, that the more immediate Buſineſs of the Play might have come forward, as is attempted in the *Heroick Daughter.*

Beſide, the making *Rodrigue* to give an Account of his own Victory, muſt either leſſen the Action, or his Character — Any Friend, that was a Well-Wiſher to his Intereſt, muſt certainly have been a more proper Herald of his Fame: I have therefore made *Alonzo* give the Particulars of this glorious Service to his Country, and I thought the Audience would be better pleas'd, if it were given to *Ximena*, that they might at the ſame Inſtant ſee the new Conflict it muſt naturally raiſe between her Paſſion and her Duty: For tho' the *King* is in the Play the Perſon moſt concern'd to hear it, yet the *Spectator* is moſt concern'd that *Ximena* ſhould hear it; and it offends not either Manners, or Probability, that the King is ſuppos'd to have heard it before.

When *Chimene* returns to Court for Juſtice, the King, in Hopes to appeaſe her, has a Mind firſt to make a Diſcovery of her Paſſion, and cunningly tells her, that her Deſire of Vengeance is anſwer'd, for *Rodrigue* is dead of his Wounds; at which *Chimene* fainting, his Majeſty fairly bites her, owns he is alive, and that he is now convinc'd

ſhe has no Mind to hurt him— This *Fineſſe* is needleſs, and ill becomes the Gravity of the Subject: There is nothing of it in the *Heroick Daughter*.

Well! when all will not do, when ſhe finds it is ſo hard to make the King more ſenſible of her private Wrongs, than of her Lover's late Service to the Publick, it is indeed Time to make her loſe her Senſes, for then, poor Lady! ſhe demands the Combat, and is forc'd to call her Vanity and Falſhood to the Aſſiſtance of her Duty, by propoſing her Perſon as a Reward to any Gentleman that would be the Champion of her Cauſe, if he prov'd Victorious: This is ſacrificing her Paſſion to her Duty with a Vengeance: What an unconſolable Figure would ſhe have made, if no Body had taken up the Cudgels! 'tis well ſhe knew ſhe was Handſome, or that might really have been the Caſe; but to be ſerious—

I thought it much more decent and natural, when ſhe was in this Extremity, to let *Sanchez*, who had before offer'd his Service, take this fair Occaſion of ſtepping into her Aſſiſtance; 'tis he, therefore, that in *Ximena*'s Name demands the Combat, and that ſhe might not have the Guilt of flattering him with the leaſt Hope, as a Lover, he is made even to diſguiſe the Motive to it with his pretended Friendſhip for her late Father: The King's granting the Combat, and the neceſſay Orders about it, conclude the Fourth Act of the *Cid*.

The Fifth Act begins with *Rodrigue*'s abruptly Viſiting *Chimene*, without Leave or Excuſe, before he was going to the Liſts. And tho' in

her first Words she pretends to be shock'd at his Appearance, yet he takes no Notice of it, but goes on with his Business, and she as insensibly sinks into Mildness and Temper to hear it: Here they seem too Declamatory, and Romantick, which I have endeavour'd to avoid by giving a more spirited Turn to the Passions, and reducing them nearer to common Life; and the Expedient that introduces the Interview it self, is, I hope, upon a more pardonable Foundation: For to make these Two Acts into One, in the *Heroick Daughter*, it was but to contrive this Scene naturally to follow the last, without leaving the Stage vacant, which is effected by the King's giving *Carlos* Leave to take his Farewell of *Ximena* before his going to the Combat; and thus her hearing him, while her Friend *Belzara* is present, and in the Court, seems more excuseable, than her receiving his Visit in open Day, in her private Apartment: And that your Patience might not languish, the Combat immediately follows his parting from her; and tho' you see nothing of that Engagement on the Stage, yet your Imagination all the while enjoys it in the Alarms and Terrors of *Ximena*, which upon every distant Sound of the Trumpet she is differently thrown into: And I have always observ'd, that when any thing of Moment is heard to be doing from behind, that has a warm Effect upon the Actors in Sight, it seems to give a double Delight to the Audience: This Incident is entirely my own, and yet I flatter my self, not the least Artful in that Play. The Return of *Sanchez* from the Combat too, is here prepared with such

ſuch Circumſtances, as might more probably lead *Ximena* into the Miſtake of his being the Victor; but all this is languidly interrupted in the *Cid*, by making the Infanta's melancholly Paſſion break into the warmeſt Connection of the Story; and *Chimene* too, for want of having her Imagination ſtir'd with ſuch various Notice of the Combat, which the Trumpet gives her, falls again into an inactive and declamatory Account of her Calamities, which in a laſt Act ever ſurfeits the Attention.

After the Combat ſhe accoſts the King with a long Argument, on a Suppoſition that *Rodrigue* is dead, wherein ſhe begs to be releas'd from her Obligation to marry *Sanchez* as the Victor, and barters to reward him with her Fortune, which ſhe is willing to ſettle upon *Sanchez* for his Trouble, provided ſhe may have Leave to diſpoſe of her Perſon in a Nunnery—All this the King hears without undeceiving her, as to *Rodrigue*'s being alive, which is not only improbable, but needleſsly carries her Miſtake farther than it will bear to be beautiful. In the the *Heroick Daughter* the very Inſtant ſhe hints at the Death of *Carlos*, the King rectifies her Miſtake: Which prevents that odd Project of compremizing the Matter with *Sanchez*, and lets the Hearer ſooner into Matter of more Importance: TheKing too here is only anAdvocate,not a Tyrant for *Carlos*; and *Ximena* having made no Promiſe to marry the Victor, avoids that Violation of her Duty, which, in the *Cid*, the abſolute Power of the King would impoſe on her. But here he is ſo tender of her Virtue, that he even ſuffers not *Carlos* to approach her, without

out Leave — And now we come to the laſt Conflict of her Heart, which concludes in a Reſolution not to truſt her Love in Sight of him that had kill'd her Father, but to ſhut her Sorrows from the World in a Cloiſter: And I am of Opinion, it was impoſſible under ſuch Misfortunes to diſpoſe of her otherwiſe, without breaking into the Laws of Honour and Virtue. Well! but tho' you grant me this, we are here ſtill at a Loſs; this can be no abſolute Concluſion of the Play, the Matter ſtands juſt as it did Three Acts ago, the Lovers were parted then, and all we have done with them ſince comes to no more. *Corneille* ſeems to be plunged in this Difficulty, and in my humble Opinion had much better have parted them for ever, than have brought them together with ſo wretched a Violation of *Chimene*'s Character: In ſhort, his Expedient comes to no more than this, that the King gives her Leave, for Decency's ſake, to be virtuous a Year longer, but after that's expir'd, he obliges her (and ſhe tacitly conſents) to marry the Man that has killed her Father. As if a diſhonourable Action could be juſtify'd, by our ſtaying a Year before we commit it.

There ſeem'd therefore to me but one Way in Nature, to bring them decently together, which was by removing the Fundamental Cauſe of their Separation: If therefore without offending Nature or Probability, we can make the Father of *Ximena* recover of his Wounds, I ſee no Reaſon, why every Auditor might not in Honour congratulate their Happineſs: By this Expedient their Story is inſtructive, and theſe Heroick

roick Lovers ſtand at laſt Two fair Examples of rewarded Virtue: But it is now Time to conclude.

Notwithſtanding all our critical Amendments, it muſt be allow'd, that the firſt Happineſs of a Tragick Writer depends on his Choice of a proper Subject, without That his Art and Genius are but miſemploy'd: If therefore there be any thing more than my not being a ſufficient Maſter of Stile, that could make the *Heroick Daughter* leſs ſucceſsful than the *Cid*, I can allow it might be likewiſe owing to the Subject, of which perhaps the chief Characters are too ſeverely Virtuous, for the Homeſpun Morals of our *Engliſh* Audience: Whereas the *French* run into the other Extreme; with them your Hero muſt be Virtuous even to Romance, or he is inſufferable; but Good Nature is ſo diſtinguiſhing a Characteriſtick of the *Engliſh*, that the *French* have no Word to expreſs it: And the Perſons that *We* often *Pity* in our Plays, a *French* Critick would tell you ought to be *Hanged* by Poetical Juſtice. But we are ſo tender-hearted, that let the Characters of our Tragedies be never ſo Criminal, yet if you can but make them penitent, and miſerable, reſign'd and humble in their Afflictions, we forget all their old Faults, take them immediately into Favour, and the Hankerchiefs of a whole Audience ſhall be wet with their Misfortunes: This Effect is frequent at the Tragedy of *Venice Preſerv'd*, where *Jaffeir*, after having been a Conſpirator againſt his Country from a private Revenge; after his betraying that Conſpiracy, and the Life of his deareſt Friend, from the Importunities of a Wife,

whom

whom his Weakneſs could not reſiſt, yet makes his Peace with the Audience at laſt, and dies ſurrounded with their Compaſſion: I am therefore convinc'd, that Criminal Characters ſo artfully conducted, have much the Advantage of the Perfect and Blameleſs; and perhaps 'tis the Narrowneſs of the *French* Genius, that would never let their beſt Authors attempt to raiſe Compaſſion upon ſuch bold and natural Foundations. But on the other Side, it would be hard to infer from hence, that Characters nearer to Perfection ought not as well to appear the Principals of Tragedy: Both *Carlos* and *Ximena* have their Imperfections, and I allow are moſt to be pity'd, when they are leaſt able to reſiſt them; I cannot therefore but inſiſt, that the *Cid* has all the Greatneſs, Dignity, and Diſtreſs in the Subject, that Tragedy requires; and tho' it may have had too many Hearers of an uncultivated Taſte, who think it inclines to the Romantick; yet if Filial Duty, Love, and Honour in the higheſt Inſtances of Self-denial, are not imaginary Virtues, then certainly all its Structures are upon exalted Nature: Let the common Practice of Mankind be what it will, it is not Unnatural to be Virtuous; and it ought to be more commendable to pity the Misfortunes of the Virtuous, than of thoſe, who owe their Diſtreſs to their immediate Criminal Conduct. But I am notwithſtanding willing to compound for the Inference, by granting, that when a capable Genius ſets himſelf to Work, there may juſtly be Room for Succeſs upon either Foundation.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

AS oft in form'd Aſſemblies of the Fair,
The ſtrait-lac'd Prude will no looſe Paſſion bear,
Beyond ſet Bounds no Lover muſt addreſs,
But ſecret Flame in diſtant Sighs expreſs;
Yet if by Chance ſome gay Coquet ſails in,
A joyous Murmur breaks the ſilent Scene,
Each Heart reliev'd by her enliv'ning Fire,
Feels eaſy Hope, and unconfin'd Deſire;
Then ſhuddering Prudes with ſecret Envy burn,
And treat the Fops, they could not catch, with Scorn.
So Plays are valued; not confin'd to Rules,
Thoſe Prudes, the Criticks call them, Feaſts for Fools;
And if an Audience 'gainſt thoſe Rules is warm'd,
Or by the lawleſs Force of Genius charm'd,
Their whole Confederate Body is alarm'd:
Then every Feature's falſe, though ne'er ſo taking,
The Heart's deceiv'd, though 'tis with Pleaſure aking,
They'll prove your Charmer's not agreeable:
Thus far'd it with the Cid of Fam'd Corneille.
In France 'twas charg'd with Faults were paſt enduring,
But ſtill had Beauties that were ſo alluring,
It rais'd the Envy of the grave Richlieu,
And Spite of his Remarks, cram'd Houſes drew:
Of this Aſſertion if the Truth you'll know,
Two Lines will prove it from the great Boileau:
En vain contre le *Cid* un Miniſtre ſe ligue,
Tout *Paris* pour *Chimene* a les yeux de *Rodrigue*.
In vain againſt the *Cid* the Stateſman arms,
Paris with *Rodrick* feels *Ximena's* Charms.
This proves, when Paſſion truly wrought appears,
In Plays imperfect, 'twill command your Tears:
Yet think not from what's ſaid, we Rules deſpiſe,
To raiſe your Wonder from Abſurdities;
As France improv'd it from the Spaniſh Pen,
We hope, now Britiſh, 'tis improv'd again:

And

And though loſt Tragedy has long ſeem'd Dead,
Yet having lately rais'd her awful Head,
To Night with Pains and Coſt we humbly ſtrive
To keep the Spirit of that Taſte alive:
But if, like Phaeton, *in* Corneille's *Carr,*
Th' unequal Muſe unhappily ſhould err,
At leaſt you'll own from glorious Heights ſhe fell,
And there's ſome Merit in attempting well.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Ximena.*

Well, Sirs!

I'M come to tell you, that my Fears are over,
Iv'e ſeen Papa, and have ſecur'd my Lover:
And troth I'm wholly on our Author's Side,
For had (as Corneille *made him)* Gormaz *dy'd,*
My Part had ended as it firſt begun,
And left me ſtill unmarry'd, and undone,
Or, what were harder far, than Both--- A Nun.
The French, *for Form indeed, poſtpones the Wedding,*
But gives her Hopes within a Year of Bedding.
Time could not tye her Marriage Knot with Honour,
The Father's Death ſtill left the Guilt upon her:
The Frenchman *ſtopt her in that forc'd Regard,*
The bolder Briton *wedds her in Reward:*
He knew your Taſte wou'd ne'er endure their Billing
Shou'd be ſo long defer'd, when both were willing:
Your formal Dons of Spain *an Age might wait,*
But Engliſh *Appetites are ſharper ſet.*
'Tis true, this Difference we indeed diſcover,
That though like Lions you begin the Lover,
To do you Right, your Fury ſoon is over.
Beſide the Scene thus chang'd, this Moral bears,
That Vertue never of Relief deſpairs:
But while true Love is ſtill in Plays ill-fated,
No Wonder you gay Sparks of Pleaſure hate it;
Bloodſhed diſcourages what ſhould delight you,
And from a Wife, what little Rubbs will fright you?

And

And Virtue not conſider'd in the Bride,
How ſoon you yawn and curſe the Knot you've ty'd?
How oft the Nymph, whoſe pitying Eyes give Quarter,
Finds in her Captive ſhe has caught a Tartar?
While to her Spouſe that once ſo high did rate her,
She kindly gives Ten Thouſand Pounds to hate her.
So on the other Side ſome ſighing Swain,
That languiſhes in Love whole Years in vain,
Impatient for the Feaſt, reſolves he'll have her,
And in his Hunger vows he'll eat for ever;
He thinks of nothing but the Hony-Moon,
But little thought he could have din'd ſo ſoon:
Is not this true? Speak--- Dearys of the Pit,
Don't you find too, how horribly you're Bit?
For the Inſtruction therefore of the Free,
Our Author turns his juſt Cataſtrophe:
Before you wed let Love be underſtood,
Refine your Thoughts, and chaſe it from the Blood,
Nor can you then of laſting Joys deſpair,
For when that Circle holds the Britiſh *Fair,*
Your Hearts may find Heroick Daughters there.

THE

THE PERSONS

MEN		BY
Don *Ferdinand.*	King of *Caſtille.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Don *Alvarez.*	His late General, and Father of Don *Carlos.*	Mr. *Cibber.*
Don *Gormaz,* Count of *Gormaz.*	The preſent General, and Father of *Ximena.*	Mr. *Booth.*
Don *Carlos.*	In Love with *Ximena.*	Mr. *Wilks.*
Don *Sanchez.*	His ſecret Rival, tho' lately betroth'd to *Belzara.*	Mr. *Elrington.*
Don. *Alonzo.*	Officers of the Court.	Mr. *Thurmond.*
Don. *Garcia.*		Mr. *Boman.*
A *Page.*		

WOMEN		BY
Ximena.	Daughter to *Gormaz.*	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Belzara.	Her Friend forſaken by Don *Sanchez.*	Mrs. *Porter.*

The SCENE

The Royal Palace in *Seville.*

THE Heroick Daughter.

ACT the First.

Alvarez *and* Carlos.

Alv.  Lliance! ha! and with the Race of *Gurmaz*!
My mortal Foe! The King enjoins it, ſaydſt thou?
Let me not think thou couldſt deſcend to ask it:
Take heed, my Son, nor let the Daughter's Eyes
Succeed in what the Father's Sword has fail'd;
Since I to Age have ſtood his Hate unmov'd,
Be not thou vanquiſh'd by her Female Wiles,
Nor ſtain thy Honour with inſulted Love.

Car. O taint not with ſo hard a Thought her Vertues,
Which ſhe has prov'd ſincere, from Obligations:
'Tis to her Suit, I owe my late Advancement.
You know, my Lord, the Fortune of this Sword
Redeem'd her from the *Moors*, when late their Captive;
For which, at her return to Court, ſhe ſwell'd
The Action with ſuch Praiſes to the King,
He bad her name the Honours cou'd reward it;
She, conſcious of our Houſes Hate, ſurpriz'd,
And yet diſdaining that her Heart ſhou'd fall
In Thanks below the Benefit receiv'd,
Warm'd with th' Occaſion, begg'd his Royal Favour

Wou'd rank me in the Field, the next her Father.
The King comply'd, and with a Smile inſiſted,
That from her own fair Hand I ſhou'd receive
The Grace. This forc'd me then to viſit her:
To ſay what follow'd from our Interview,
Might tire, at leaſt, if not offend your Ear.
Alv. Not ſo, my *Carlos*, but proceed.
Car. In brief;
The Queen, who now in higheſt Favour holds
The fair *Ximena*, ſoon perceiv'd our Paſſion,
Approv'd and cheriſh'd it; our Houſes Diſcord
She knew of old, had often ſhook the State;
Whereon ſhe kindly to the King propos'd
This happy Union, as the ſole Expedient
To cure thoſe Wounds, and fortify his Throne:
Nay, ſhe, *Ximena*, if I know her Thoughts,
Chiefly to that Regard reſigns her Heart.
O! ſhe diſclaims, contemns her Beauty's Power,
And builds no Merit but on ſtable Vertue.
Alv. If ſo, I ſhou'd indeed applaud her Spirit.
Car. Oh! had you ſearch'd her Soul like me, you would
Repoſe your Life, your Fame, upon her Truth.
Alv. On thee at leaſt I'm ſure I may; I know
Thou lov'ſt thy Honour equal to *Ximena*,
And to that Guard I dare commit thy Love,
Keep but that Union ſacred: ——
Car. When I break it,
May your Diſpleaſure, and *Ximena*'s Scorn,
Unite their Force to torture me with Shame:
But ſee! ſhe comes! her Eye, my Lord, has reach'd you.
[Ximena *enters*.
Mark her Concern, the Softneſs of her Fear,
O'ercaſt with Doubt and Diffidence to meet you;
One gentle Word from you wou'd chace the Cloud,
And let forth all the Luſtre of her Soul.
Alv. Hail fair *Ximena* — beauteous Brightneſs, hail,
Propitious be this Meeting to us all,
With equal Joy and Wonder I ſurvey Thee,
How lovely's Vertue in ſo bright a Form!
Thy Father's Fierceneſs all is loſt in thee;
Well have thy Eyes reproach'd our Houſes' Jars,
And calm'd the Tempeſts that have wreck'd our Peace;
What we with falſe Reſentments but inflam'd,
Thy nobler Vertues have appeas'd with Honour.
Xim. Theſe Praiſes from another Mouth, my Lord,

Might

Might dye these glowing Cheeks with crimson Shame;
But as they flow thus kindly from *Alvarez*,
From the heroick Sire of my Deliverer,
As you bestow 'em, my exulting Heart,
Tho' undeserv'd, receives with Joy the Sound:
But for those Vertues you ascribe to me,
Alas! they are but copy'd all from thence;
Carlos, I saw, was brave, victorious, great,
Compassionate—— I am at best but grateful——
Cou'd I be less reduc'd with Obligations?
Cou'd I retain our House's ancient Hate,
When *Carlos*' Deeds so greatly had forgot it?
If Heav'n had will'd our Feuds shou'd never end,
It wou'd have chose some other Arm to save me:
But if its kinder Providence decrees,
Ximena's yielded Heart shou'd cure those Ills,
And bind our Passions in the Chains of Peace;
Be witness that all gracious Heav'n, I've gain'd
The End, the Haven of my Hopes on Earth,
And fill'd the proudest Sails of my Ambition.

Alv. O *Carlos*! *Carlos*! we are both subdu'd!
Where can such heav'nly Sweetness find a Foe?
What *Gormaz* may resolve, his Heart can tell,
But mine no longer can resist such Vertue;
His Pride perhaps may triumph o'er my Weakness,
And wrong *Ximena* to insult *Alvarez*:
Be mine that Shame, but then be mine this Glory. [*He joins their Hands.*
That I surrender to his Daughter's Merit
All that her Heart demands, or mine can give:
If he's obdurate, let her Wrongs reproach him.
[*Don* Sanchez *and* Alonzo *observing 'em.*
No Thanks, my Fair; for both or neither are
Oblig'd: Whatever may be due to me,
Let Love, and mutual Gratitude repay.

D. San. Death to my Eyes! *Alvarez* joins their Hands!
Alon. Forbear! is this is a Time for Jealousy? } *Apart.*
D. San. Thou, that hast Patience then, relieve my Torture. }

Car. O *Ximena*! how my Heart's oppress'd with Shame,
Thou giv'st me a Confusion equal to
My Joy, I yet am Laggard in my Duty,
I must despair to reach with equal Vertues
Dread *Gormaz*' Heart, as thou hast touch'd *Alvarez*.

Xim. That Hope we muſt to Providence reſign;
The King intends this Day to ſound his Temper,
Which, tho' ſevere, I know is generous,
In Honour great, as in Reſentments warm,
Fierce to the Proud, but to the Gentle Yielding;
The Goodneſs of *Alvarez* muſt ſubdue him.

Alon. My Lord, I heard the King enquiring for you.

Alv. Sir, I attend his Majeſty——I thank you.

Xim. Saw you the Count, my Father, in the Preſence?

Alon. Madam, I left him with the King this Inſtant,
Withdrawn to th' Window, and in Conference.

Xim. 'Twas his Command I ſhou'd attend him there.

Alv. Come fair Ximena, *if thy Father's Ear*
Inclines like mine, unprejudic'd to hear:
His Hate ſubdu'd will publick Good regard,
And crown thy Virgin Vertues with Reward.
[*Exit.* Alv. Car. Zim.

D. San. Help me *Alonzo*, help me, or I ſink,
Th' Oppreſſion is too great for Nature's Frame,
And all my Manhood reels beneath the Load;
O Rage: O! Torment of ſucceſsleſs Love!

Alon. Alas! I warn'd you of this Storm before,
Yet you, incredulous and deaf, deſpis'd it;
But ſince your Hopes are blaſted in their Bloom,
Since vow'd *Ximena* never can be yours,
Forget the Folly, and reſume your Reaſon:
Recover to your Vows your Love betroth'd,
Return to Honour, and the wrong'd *Belzara.*

D. San. Why doſt thou ſtill obſtruct my Happineſs,
And thwart the Paſſion, that has ſeiz'd my Soul?
A Friend ſhou'd help a Friend in his Extreams,
And not create, but diſſipate his Fears.
'Tis true, I ſee *Ximena*'s Heart is given,
But then her Perſon's in a Father's Power;
He, I've no Cauſe to fear, will ſlight my Offers.
Thou know'ſt, th' Averſion that he bears *Alvarez*
Bars like a Rock her Wiſhes from their Harbour:
While *Carlos* has a Fear, ſhall I deſpair?
Has not the Count his Paſſions too to pleaſe,
And will he ſtarve his Hate to feed her Love?
May I not hope he rather may embrace
The fair Occaſion of my timely Vows,
To torture *Carlos* with a ſure Deſpair,
And force *Ximena* to aſſiſt his Triumph.
Nay, ſhe perhaps, when his Commands are fix'd,

In

In Pride of Vertue may reſiſt her Love,
Suppreſs the Paſſion, and reſign to Duty.
Alon. Why will you tempt ſuch Seas of wild Diſquiet,
When Honour courts you in a Calm to Joy?
Belzara's Charms are yielded to your Hopes,
Contracted to your Vows, and warm'd to Love;
Ximena ſcarce has Knowledge of your Flame,
Without Reproach ſhe racks you with Deſpair,
And muſt be perjur'd cou'd her Heart relieve you.
D. San. Let her relieve me, I'll forgive the Guilt,
Forget it, ſmother in her Arms the Thought,
And drown the charming Falſhood in the Joy.
Alon. What wild Extravagance of youthful Heat
Obſcures your Honour, and deſtroys your Reaſon?
D. San. I am not of that Lifeleſs Mould of Men,
That plod the beaten Road of vertuous Love;
With me 'tis Joyous, Beauty gives Deſire,
Deſire by Nature gives Inſtinctive Hope;
The Phœnix Woman ſets her ſelf on Fire,
Hope gives us Love, our Love makes them deſire,
And in the Flames they raiſe, themſelves expire:
Alon. Nor Love, nor Hope can give you here Succeſs.
D. San. Let thoſe deſpair, whoſe Paſſions have their Bounds,
Whoſe Hopes in Hazards, or in Dangers die:
Shew me the Object worthy of my Flame,
Let her be barr'd by Obligations, Friends,
By Vows engag'd, by Pride, Averſion, all
The Common Letts, that give the Vertuous Awe,
My Love wou'd mount the tow'ring Falcon's Height,
Cut thro' them All, like yielding Air, my Way,
And downwards dart me rapid on the Quarry.
Alon. Farewel, my Lord, ſome other Time perhaps
This Rapture may ſubſide, and want a Friend;
I ſhall be glad to adviſe, when you can hear.
But ſee, *Belzara* comes, with Eyes confus'd,
That ſpeak ſome new Diſorder in her Heart.
Wou'd you be Happy, Friend, be Juſt; preſerve
Inviolate the Honeſt Vows you've made her.
Farewel, I leave you to embrace th' Occaſion. [*Exit.*

Enter Belzara.

Bel. I come, Don *Sanchez*, to inform you of
A Wrong, that near concerns our Mutual Honour;
'Tis whiſper'd thro' the Court, that you retract
Your ſolemn Vows by Contract ſeal'd to me,

And with a perjur'd Heart purſue *Ximena*;
Such falſe Reports ſhou'd periſh in their Birth:
I've done my Honeſt Part, and disbeliev'd 'em,
Do your's, and by your Vows perform'd deſtroy them.
D. San. Madam, this tender Care of me deſerves
Acknowledgments beyond my Power to pay;
But Vertue always is the Mark of Malice,
Contempt the beſt Return that we can make it.
Bel. Vertue ſhou'd have ſo ſtrict a Guard, as not
To ſuffer ev'n Suſpicion to approach it.
For tho', Don *Sanchez*, I dare think you Juſt,
Yet while the envious World believes you Falſe,
I feel their Inſults, and endure the Shame.
D. San. Malice ſucceeds when its Report's believ'd,
Seem you to ſlight it, and the Monſter's mute.
Bel. I cou'd have hop'd ſome Cauſe to make me ſlight it,
This cold Concern to ſatisfy my Fears,
Proclaims the Danger, and confirms them True:
D. San. Then you believe me Falſe?
Bel. Believe it! Heav'n!
Am I to doubt? What ev'n your Looks, your Words,
Your faint Evaſions faithleſsly confeſs?
Ungrateful Man! when you betray'd my Heart,
You ſhou'd have taught me too to bear the Wrong.
D. San. When Tears with Menaces relieve their Grief,
They flow from Pride, not Tenderneſs diſtreſt.
Bel. Inſulting, horrid Thought! am I accus'd
Of Pride complaining from a Breaking Heart?
D. San. Behold th' unthrifty Proof of Woman's Love!
Purſue you with the Sighs of faithful Paſſion,
You ſtarve our pining Hopes with painted Coyneſs;
But if our Honeſt Hearts diſdain the Yoke,
Or ſeek from ſweet Variety, Relief,
Alarm'd to loſe, what you deſpis'd ſecure,
Your tremb'ling Pride retracts its haughty Air,
And yields to Love, purſuing when we fly.
Theſe laviſh Tears when I deſerv'd your Heart,
Had held me ſighing to be more your Slave;
But to beſtow them when that Heart's broke looſe,
When more I merit your Contempt than Love,
Arraigns your Juſtice, and acquits my Falſhood.
Bel. Injurious, falſe, and barbarous Reproach.
Have I with-held my Pity from your Sighs,
Or us'd with Rigour my once boundleſs Power?
Am I not ſworn by teſtify'd Conſent,

By ſolemn Vows contracted, yielded your's?
But what avails the Force of Truth's Appeal,
Where th' Offender is himſelf the Judge?
But yet, remember, Tyrant, while you Triumph,
I am Don *Henrick*'s Daughter, whom you dare betray;
Henrick, whoſe fam'd Revenge of injur'd Honour,
Dares ſtep as deep in Blood, as you in Provocations:

D. San. Since then your ſeeming Grief's with Rage reliev'd,
Hear me with Temper, Madam, once for all.
You urge our ſolemn Contract ſworn, I own
The Fact, but muſt deny the Obligation;
'Twas not to me, but to a Father's Will,
To *Henrick*'s dread Commands your Pride ſubmitted:
Since then your Merit's to Obedience due,
Seek your Reward from Duty, not from *Sanchez*:
Your Slights to me live yet recorded here,
Nor can your forc'd Submiſſions now remove them:
Ximena's ſofter Heart has rais'd me to
A Flame, that gives at once Revenge, and Rapture:
How far Don *Henrick* may reſent the Change,
I neither know, nor with Concern ſhall hear.
Nay, truſt your injur'd Patience to inflame him.

Bel. Inhumane, vain Provoker of my Heart,
I need not urge the Ills that muſt o'ertake Thee,
Thy giddy Paſſions will without my Aid
Puniſh their Guilt, and to themſelves be fatal.
Ximena's Heart is fixt as far above
Thy Hopes, as Truth and Vertue from thy Soul:
To her avenging Scorn I yield thy Love;
There, faithleſs Wretch, indulge thy vain Deſires,
And ſtarve, like tortur'd *Tantalus*, in Plenty;
Gaze on her Charms forbidden to thy Taſte,
Famiſht and pining at the tempting Feaſt,
Still rackt, and reaching at the flying Fair,
Purſue thy Falſhood, and embrace Deſpair. [*Exit.*

D. San. So raging Winds in furious Storms ariſe,
Whirl o'er our Heads, and are when paſt forgotten.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Why, *Sanchez*, are you ſtill reſolv'd on Ruin?
I met *Belzara* in diſorder'd Haſte,
At Sight of me ſhe ſtopt, and wou'd have ſpoke,
But Grief alas was grown too ſtrong for Words:
When turning from my View her mournful Eyes,
She burſt into a Show'r of guſhing Tears,

And in the Conflict of her Shame retir'd:
O yet collect your Temper into Thought,
And ſhun the Precipice that gapes before you:
A Moment hence, convinc'd, your Eyes will ſee
Ximena parted from your Hopes for ever.

D. San. Why doſt thou double thus my new Diſquiets?
For Pains foreſeen are felt before they come.

Enter King, Gormaz, Alvarez, Carlos, Ximena, &c.

Alon. Behold the King, *Alvarez*, and her Father,
Be wiſe, tho' late, and profit from the Iſſue:

King. Count *Gormaz* you, and you *Alvarez*, hear,
Tho' in the Camp your Swords, in Court your Counſel,
Have juſtly rais'd your Fame to envy'd Heights,
Yet let me ſtill deplore your Race and you,
That from a long Deſcent of Lineal Heat,
Your private Feuds as oft have ſhook the State,
And what's the Source of this upheld Defiance?
Alas! the ſtubborn Claim of ancient Rank,
Held from a Two Days antedated Honour,
Which gave the younger Houſe Preheminence.
How many valiant Lives have eas'd our Foes
Of Fear, deſtroy'd by this conteſted Title;
And what's decided by this endleſs Valour,
Whoſe Honour yet confeſſes the Superior?
While both dare dye, the Quarrel is Immortal;
Or ſay that Force on one Part has prevail'd,
Is there ſuch Merit in unequal Strength?
If Violence is Vertue, Brutes may boaſt it:
Lions with Lions grapple, and diſpute;
But Men are only Great, truly Victorious,
When with ſuperior Reaſon they ſubdue.
Can you then think you are in Honour bound
To Heir the Follies of your Anceſtors?
Since they have left you Vertues and Renown,
Tranſmit not to Poſterity their Blame.

Alv. and *Gor.* My Gracious Lord---

King. Yet hold, I'll hear you Both.
Of your Compliance, *Gormaz*, I've no doubt,
This Quarrel in your Nobler Breaſt was dying,
Had not, *Alvarez*, you reviv'd it:

Alv. I?
Wherein, my Gracious Lord, ſtand I ſuſpected?

King.

King. What elſe cou'd mean that ſullen Gloom you wore,
That conſcious Diſcontent ſo ill conceal'd
In your abrupt Retirement from our Court,
When late the valiant Count was made our General?
Was't not your own Requeſt, you might reſign it?
Which tho', 'tis true, you long had fill'd with Honour,
Was it for you to circumſcribe our Choice?
T' oppoſe from private Hate, the publick Good,
And in his Caſe, whoſe Merit had prefer'd him?
When his fierce Temper, from Reflection calm,
Inclin'd to let the Embers of his Heat expire,
Was it well done thus to revive the Flame,
To wake his jealous Honour to Reſentment,
And ſhake that Union we had laid to Heart?
If thou haſt ought to urge, that may defend
Thy late Behaviour, or accuſe his Conduct,
Unfold it free, we are prepar'd to hear.

Alv. Alas, my Lord, the World misjudges me,
My Hate ſuppos'd is not ſo deeply rooted,
Age has allay'd thoſe Feavers of my Honour,
And weary Nature now wou'd reſt from Paſſions.
The Noble Count, whoſe warmer Blood may boil,
Perhaps is ſtill my Foe: I am not his,
Nor envy him thoſe Honours of his Merit.
Where Vertue is, I dare be juſt, and ſee it.
Your Majeſty has ſpoke your Wiſdom in
Your Choice, for I have ſeen his Arm deſerve it,
In all the Sieges, Battles I have won,
I knew not better to Command, than he
To Execute: Thoſe Wreaths of Victory
That flouriſh ſtill upon this hoary Brow,
Impartial I confeſs, his active Sword
Has lopt from Heads of *Moors*, and planted there.

King. How has Report, my *Gormaz*, wrong'd this Man?

Alv. Nor was the Cauſe of my Retirement more,
Than that I found it Time to eaſe my Age,
Unfit for farther Action, and bequeath
My Son the needleſs Pomp of my Poſſeſſions.

King. Is't poſſible? Coud'ſt thou conceal this Goodneſs?
Cou'd ſecret Vertue take ſo firm a Root,
While Slander like a Canker kill'd its Beauties?
Gormaz, if yet thou art not Paſſion's Slave,
Take to thy ſelf the Glory to reward him.

Gor. My Lord, the Paſſions, that have warm'd this Breaſt,
Yet never ſtir'd but in the Cauſe of Honour.

Ho-

Honour's the Spring that moves my active Life,
And Life's a Torment, while that Right's invaded.
Shew me the Man whose Merit claims my Love,
Whose milder Virtues modestly assail me,
And Honour throws me at his Feet submissive.
In Proof of this, there needs but now to own,
The generous Advances of *Alvarez*,
Have turn'd my fierce Resentments into Shame.
What can I more? My Words but faintly speak me.
But since my King seems pleas'd with my Conversion,
My Heart and Arms are open to embrace him.

King. Receive him, Soldier, to thy Heart, and give
Your King this Glory of your Mutual Conquest.

[*They embrace.*

Xim. Auspicious Omen!

Car. O transporting Hope!

D. San. Adders and Serpents mix in their Embraces.

[*Apart.*

King. O *Gormaz!* O *Alvarez!* stop not here,
Confine not to your selves your stinted Vertue,
But in this noble Ardour of your Hearts,
Secure to your Posterity your Peace:

[*Carlos* and *Ximena kneel.*

Behold the lifted Hands, that beg the Blessing,
The Hearts that burn to ratify the Joy,
And to your Heirs unborn transmit the Glory.

Gor. Receive her, *Carlos*, from a Father's Hand,
Whose Heart by Obligations was subdu'd:

Alv. Accept, *Ximena*, all my Age holds dear,
Not to my Bounty, but thy Merit due.

King. O manly Conquest! O exalted Worth!
What Honours can we offer to applaud it?
To grace this Triumph of *Ximena*'s Eyes,
Let Publick Jubilee conclude the Day:
Sound all our sprightly Instruments of War,
Fifes, Clarions, Trumpets, speak the general Joy.

Alv. Raise high the Clangor of your lofty Notes,
Sound Peace at Home—

Gor. And Terror to our Foes.

King. Let the loud Cannon from the Ramparts roar,

Gor. And make the frighted Shores of Africk *ring,*

Car. Long live! and ever Glorious live, the King.

[*Trumpets and Volleys at a Distance.*

Alv. O may this glorious Day for ever stand
Fam'd in the Rolls of late Recorded Time:

King.

King. This happy Union fixt, my Lords, we now
Muſt crave your Counſel in our State's Defence---
Letters this Morn alarm us with Deſigns
The *Moors* are forming to invade our Realms;
But let them be, we're now prepar'd to meet them.

The Prince that wou'd ſit free from foreign Fears,
Shou'd firſt with Peace compoſe inteſtine Jarrs;
Of Hearts united while ſecure at Home,
His raſh Invaders to their Graves muſt come.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT.

ACT the Second.

Enter Don Sanchez.

RElentleſs Fortune! thou haſt done thy Part,
Neglected nothing to oppoſe my Love.
But thou ſhalt find, in thy Deſpight, I'll on;
Wer't thou not blind indeed, thou had'ſt foreſeen
The Honour done this Hour to old *Alvarez*,
His being nam'd the Prince's Governor,
(Which I well know th' ambitious *Gormaz* aim'd at)
Muſt like a Wildfire's Rage embroil their Union,
Rekindle Jealouſies in *Gormaz'* Heart,
Whoſe fatal Flame muſt bury all in Aſhes:
But ſee, he comes, and ſeems to ruminate
With penſive Grudge the King's too partial Favour:

Gormaz *on the other Side.*

Gor. The King methinks is ſudden in his Choice---
'Tis true, I never ſought (but therefore is
Not leſs the Merit) nor obliquely hinted,
That I deſir'd the Office--- He has heard
Me ſay, the Prince his Son I thought was now
Of Age to change his pratling Female Court,
And claim'd a Governor's inſtructive Guidance---
Th' Advice it ſeems was fit--- but not th' Adviſer---
Be't ſo--- why is *Alvarez* then the Man?
He may be qualify'd--- I'll not diſpute---
But was not *Gormaz* too of equal Merit?
Let me not think *Alvarez* plays me foul---
That cannot be--- he knew I wou'd not bear it---
And yet why he's ſo ſuddenly prefer'd---
I'll think no more on't--- Time will ſoon reſolve me.

D. San. Not to diſturb, my Lord, your graver Thoughts,
May I preſume---

Gor. Don *Sanchez* may command me.
This youthful Lord is ſworn our Houſes Friend, } *Aſide.*
If there's a Cauſe for jealous Thought, he'll find it.

D. San.

D. San. I hear, my Lord, the King has freſh Advice receiv'd
Of a deſign'd Invaſion from the *Moors*,
Holds it confirm'd, or is it only Rumour?

Gor. Such new Alarms indeed his Letters bring,
But yet their Grounds ſeem'd doubtful at the Council.

D. San. May it not prove ſome Policy of State?
Some bugbear Danger of our own creating?
The King I have obſerv'd is skill'd in Rule,
Perfect in all the Arts of tempering Minds,
And ---- for the publick Good ---- can give Alarms
Where Fears are not, and huſh them where they are.

Gor. 'Tis ſo! he hints already at my Wrongs. [*Aſide.*

D. San. Not but ſuch Prudence well becomes a Prince:
For Peace at Home is worth his deareſt Purchaſe:
Yet he that gives his juſt Reſentments up,
Tho' honour'd by the Royal Mediation,
And ſees his Enemy enjoy the Fruits,
Muſt have more Vertues than his King, to bear it ----
Perhaps, my Lord, I am not underſtood,
Nay, hope my jealous Fears have no Foundation;
But when the Tyes of Friendſhip ſhall demand it,
Don *Sanchez* wears a Sword that will revenge you. [*Going.*

Gor. Don *Sanchez*, ſtay ---- I think thou art my Friend,
Thy noble Father oft has ſerv'd me in
The Cauſe of Honour, and his Cauſe was mine.
What thou haſt ſaid, ſpeaks thee *Balthazar's* Son,
I need not praiſe thee more ---- If I deſerve
Thy Love, refuſe not what my Heart's concern'd
To ask; ſpeak freely of the King, of me,
Of old *Alvarez*, of our late Alliance,
And what has follow'd ſince: then ſum the Whole,
And tell me truly, where the Account's unequal:

D. San. My Lord, you honour with too great a Truſt
The Judgment of my unexperienc'd Years,
Yet for the Time I have obſerv'd on Men,
I've always found the generous open Heart
Betray'd, and made the Prey of Minds below it.
O! 'tis the Curſe of manly Vertue, that
Cowards, with Cunning, are too ſtrong for Heroes:
And ſince you preſs me to unfold my Thoughts,
I grieve to ſee your Spirit ſo defeated,
Your juſt Reſentments by vile Arts of Court,
Beguil'd, and melted to reſign their Terror.
Your honeſt Hate, that had for Ages ſtood,
Unmov'd, and firmer from your Foes Defiance,

Now ſapp'd, and undermin'd by his Submiſſion.
Alvarez knew you were impregnable
To Force, and chang'd the Soldier for the Stateſman;
While you were yet his Foe profeſs'd,
He durſt not take theſe Honours o'er your Head;
Had you ſtill held him at his Diſtance due,
He wou'd have trembl'd to have ſought this Office;
When once the King inclin'd to make his Peace,
I ſaw too well the Secret on the Anvil,
And ſoon foretold the Favour that ſucceeded:
Alas! this Project has been long concerted,
Reſolv'd in private 'twixt the King and him,
Laid out and manag'd here by ſecret Agents,
While he, good Man, knew nothing of the Honour,
But from his ſweet Repoſe, was dragg'd t' accept it,
O! it inflames my Blood to think his Fear
Shou'd get the Start of your unguarded Spirit,
And proudly vaunt it in the Plumes he ſtole
From you.

Gor. O! *Sanchez*, thou haſt fir'd a Thought,
That was before but dawning in my Mind:
O! now afreſh it ſtrikes my Memory,
With what diſſembled Warmth the artful King
Firſt charg'd his Temper with the Gloom he wore,
When I ſupply'd his late Command of General.
Then with what fawning Flattery to me,
Alvarez, Fear diſguis'd his trembling Hate,
And ſooth'd my yielding Temper to believe him.

D. San. Not Flattery, my Lord; tho' I muſt grant,
'Twas Praiſe well tim'd, and therefore skilful.

Gor. Now on my Soul, from him 'twas loathſome Daubing:
I take thy Friendſhip, *Sanchez*, to my Heart;
And were not my *Ximena* raſhly promis'd——

D. San. *Ximena*'s Charms might grace a Monarch's Bed,
Nor dares my humble Heart admit the Hope,
Or, if it durſt, ſome fitter Time ſhou'd ſhew it,
Reſults more preſſing now demand your Thought;
Firſt eaſe the Pain of your depending Doubt,
Divide this fawning Courtier from the Friend.

Gor. Which way ſhall I receive, or thank thy Love?

D. San. My Lord, you over-rate me now---- but ſee,
Alvarez comes---- now probe his hollow Heart,
Now while your Thoughts are warm with his Deceit,
And mark how calmly he'll evade the Charge:
My Lord, I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Gor. I am thy Friend for ever. *Enter*

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. My Lord, the King is walking forth to ſee
The Prince, his Son, begin his Horſemanſhip;
If you're inclin'd to ſee him, I'll attend you.

Gor. Since Duty calls me not, I have no Delight
To be an idle Gaper on another's Buſineſs.
You may indeed find Pleaſure in the Office,
Which you've ſo artfully contriv'd to fit.

Alv. Contriv'd, my Lord! I'm ſorry ſuch a Thought
Can reach the Man, whom you've ſo late embrac'd.

Gor. Men are not always what they ſeem: This Honour,
Which in another's Wrong, you've barter'd for,
Was at the Price of thoſe Embraces bought.

Alv. Ha! bought? For Shame ſuppreſs this poor Suſpicion:
For if you think, you can't but be convinc'd,
The naked Honour of *Alvarez* ſcorns
Such baſe Diſguiſe ----- yet pauſe a Moment ----
Since our great Maſter with ſuch kind Concern
Himſelf has interpos'd to heal our Feuds,
Let us not thankleſs rob him of the Glory,
And undeſerve the Grace by new falſe Fears.

Gor. Kings are alas! but Men, and form'd like us,
Subject alike to be by Men deceiv'd;
The bluſhing Court from this raſh Choice will ſee,
How blindly he o'erlooks ſuperior Merit.
Cou'd no Man fill the Place but worn *Alvarez*?

Alv. Worn more with Wounds and Victories than Age,
Who ſtands before him in great Actions paſt?
But I'm to blame to urge that Merit now,
Which will but ſhock what Reaſoning may convince.

Gor. The fawning Slave! O *Sanchez!* how I thank thee!---
[*Aſide.*

Alv. You have a vertuous Daughter, I a Son,
Whoſe ſofter Hearts our mutual Hands have rais'd
Ev'n to the Summit of expected Joy;
If no Regard to me, yet let at leaſt
Your Pity of their Paſſions rein your Temper.

Gor. O needleſs Care! to nobler Objects now
That Son be ſure in Vanity pretends,
While his high Father's Wiſdom is preferr'd
To guide and govern our great Monarch's Son,
His proud aſpiring Heart forgets *Ximena*;
Think not of him, but your ſuperior Care,
Inſtruct the Royal Youth to rule with Awe
His future Subjects trembling at his Frown;

Teach

Teach him to bind the Loyal Heart in Love;
The bold and factious in the Chains of Fear;
Join to theſe Vertues too your warlike Deeds,
Inflame him with the vaſt Fatigues you've born,
But now are paſt, to ſhew him by Example,
And give him in the Cloſet ſafe Renown:
Read him what ſcorching Suns he muſt endure;
What bitter Nights muſt wake, or ſleep in Arms;
To Counter-march the Foe, to give th' Alarm,
And to his own great Conduct owe the Day.
Mark him on the Charts the Order of the Battle,
And make him from your Manuſcripts a Hero.

Alv. Ill temper'd Man! thus to provoke the Heart,
Whoſe tortur'd Patience is thy only Friend.

Gor. Thou only to thy ſelf can'ſt be a Friend;
I tell thee, falſe *Alvarez*, thou haſt wrong'd me,
Haſt baſely robb'd me of my Merits Right,
And intercepted our young Prince's Fame;
His Youth with me had found the active Proof,
The living Practice of experienc'd War;
This Sword had taught him Glory in the Field,
At once his great Example, and his Guard:
His unfledg'd Wings from me had learnt to ſoar,
And ſtrike at Nations trembling at my Name:
This I had done, but thou, with ſervile Arts,
Haſt fawning crept into our Maſter's Breaſt,
Elbow'd ſuperior Merit from his Ear,
And, like a Courtier, ſtole his Son from Glory.

Alv. Hear me, proud Man —— for now I burn to ſpeak,
Since neither Truth can ſway, nor Temper touch thee;
Thus I retort with Scorn thy ſlandr'ous Rage:
Thou! thou the Tutor of a Kingdom's Heir!
Thou guide the Paſſions of o'er-boiling Youth,
That can'ſt not in thy Age yet rule thy own!
For ſhame retire, and purge th' imperious Heart,
Reduce thy arrogant, ſelf-judging Pride,
Correct the Meanneſs of thy groveling Soul,
Chaſe damn'd Suſpicion from thy manly Thoughts,
And learn to treat with Honour thy Superior.

Gor. Superior, ha! dar'ſt thou provoke me Traytor?

Alv. Unhand me, Ruffian! leſt thy Hold prove fatal.

Gor. Take that! audacious Dotard. [*Strikes him.*

Alv. O! my Blood!
Flow forward to my Arm to chain this Tyger.
If thou art brave, now bear thee like a Man,

And

And quit my Honour of this vile Diſgrace. [*They fight*, Alvarez *is diſarm'd.*
O feeble Life! I have too long endur'd thee.
Gor. Thy Sword is mine, take back th' inglorious Trophy,
Which wou'd diſgrace thy Victor's Thigh to wear;
Now forward to thy Charge, read to the Prince
This martial Lecture of thy fam'd Exploits,
And from this wholeſome Chaſtiſement, learn thou
To tempt the Patience of offended Honour. [*Exit.*
Alv. O Rage! O wild Deſpair! O helpleſs Age!
Were thou but lent me to ſurvive my Honour?
Am I with martial Toils worn Grey, and ſee
At laſt one Hour's Blight lay waſte my Laurels?
Is this fam'd Arm to me alone defenceleſs?
Has it ſo often prop'd this Empire's Glory,
Fenc'd like a Rampart the *Caſtilian* Throne,
To me alone diſgraceful! to its Maſter uſeleſs!
O ſharp Remembrance of departed Glory!
O fatal Dignity too dearly purchas'd!
Now, haughty *Gormaz*, now guide thou my Prince;
Inſulted Honour is unfit t' approach him.
And thou once glorious Weapon, fare thee well,
Old Servant worthy of an abler Maſter,
Leave now for ever his abandon'd Side,
And to revenge him, grace ſome nobler Arm.
My Son!

Enter Carlos.

O *Carlos!* can'ſt thou bear Diſhonour?
Car. What Villain dares occaſion, Sir, the Queſtion?
Give me his Name, the Proof ſhall anſwer him.
Alv. O juſt Reproach! O prompt reſentful Fire!
My Blood rekindles at thy manly Flame;
And glads my labouring Heart with Youth's Return.
Up, up, my Son —— I cannot ſpeak my Shame ——
Revenge, Revenge me!
Car. O my Rage! of what?
Alv. Of an Indignity ſo vile, my Heart
Redoubles all its Torture to repeat it.
A Blow! a Blow! my Boy.
Car. Diſtraction! Fury!
Alv. In vain, alas, this feeble Arm aſſail'd
With mortal Vengeance the Aggreſſor's Heart:
He dally'd with my Age, o'erborn, inſulted,
Therefore to thy young Arm for ſure Revenge
My Soul's Diſtreſs commits my Sword and Cauſe:

Purſue him, *Carlos*, to the World's laſt Bounds,
And from his Heart tear back our bleeding Honour.
Nay, to inflame thee more, thou'lt find his Brow
Cover'd with Laurels, and far fam'd his Proweſs;
Oh! I have ſeen him dreadful in the Field,
Cut thro' whole Squadrons his deſtructive way,
And ſnatch the gore-dy'd Standard from the Foe.
Car. O Rack not with his Fame my tortur'd Heart,
That burns to know him, and eclipſe his Glory.
Alv. Tho' I foreſee, 'twill ſtrike thy Soul to hear it,
Yet ſince our gaſping Honour calls for thy
Relief ---- O *Carlos*, 'tis *Ximena*'s Father ----
Car. Ha!
Alv. Pauſe not for a Reply——I know thy Love,
I know the tender Obligations of thy Heart,
And ev'n lend a Sigh to thy Diſtreſs.
I grant, *Ximena* dearer than thy Life;
But wounded Honour muſt ſurmount them both.
I need not urge thee more; thou know'ſt my Wrong,
'Tis in thy Heart, and in thy Hand the Vengeance:
Blood only is the Balm for Grief like mine,
Which till obtain'd, I will in Darkneſs mourn,
Nor lift my Eyes to Light, till thy Return.
But haſte, o'ertake this Blaſter of my Name,
Fly ſwift to Vengeance, and bring back my Fame. [Exit.
Car. Relentleſs Heav'n! is all thy Thunder gone!
Not one Bolt left to finiſh my Deſpair?
Lie ſtill my Heart, and cloſe this deadly Wound!
Stir not to Thought, for Motion is thy Ruin:
But ſee, the frighted poor *Ximena* comes,
And with her Tremblings, ſtrikes thee cold as Death.
My helpleſs Father too, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
Begs his Diſmiſſion to his Grave with Honour.
Ximena weeps, Heart-pierc'd *Alvarez* groans:
Rage lifts my Sword, and Love arreſts my Arm;
O! double Torture of diſtracting Woe.
Is there no Mean betwixt theſe ſharp Extreams?
Muſt Honour periſh, if I ſpare my Love?
O ignominous Pity! ſhameful Softneſs!
Muſt I to right *Alvarez*, kill *Ximena*?
O cruel Vengeance! O Heart-wounding Honour!
Shall I forſake her in her Soul's Extreams,
Depreſs the Vertue of her filial Tears,
And bury in a Tomb our Nuptial Joy?
Shall that juſt Honour that ſubdu'd her Heart,

Now

Now build its Fame relentleſs on her Sorrows.
Inſtruct me, Heav'n, that gav'ſt me this Diſtreſs,
To chuſe, and bear me worthy of my Being!
O Love! forgive me, if my hurry'd Soul
Shou'd act with Error in this Storm of Fortune!
For Heav'n can tell what Pangs I feel to ſave thee!
But hark! the Shrieks of drowning Honour call!
'Tis ſinking, gaſping, while I ſtand in Pauſe,
Plunge in my Heart, and ſave it from the Billows.
It will be ſo —— the Blow's too ſharp a Pair,
And Vengeance has at leaſt this juſt Excuſe,
That ev'n *Ximena* bluſhes, while I bear it:
Her generous Heart, that was by Honour won,
Muſt, when that Honour's ſtain'd, abjure my Love.

O Peace of Mind, farewel! Revenge, I come!
And raiſe thy Altar on a mournful Tomb.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT the Third.

Garcia *and* Gormaz.

Gor. THE King is Maſter of his Will and me.
But be it as it may — what's done's irrevocable.
Gar. My Lord, you ill receive this Mark of Favour,
And while thus obſtinate; inflame your Fault.
When ſoveraign Power deſcends to ask of Subjects
The due Submiſſion, which its Will may force,
Your Danger's greater from ſuch ſlighted Mildneſs,
Than ſhou'd you diſobey its full Commands.
Gor. The Conſequence, perhaps, may prove it ſo.
Gar. Have you no Fear of what his Frown may do?
Gor. Has he no Fear of what my Wrongs may do?
Men of my Rank are not in Hours undone;
When I am cruſh'd, I fall with Vengeance round me.
Gar. The raſh Indignity you've done *Alvarez*,
Without ſome Proof of Wrong, bears no Excuſe.
Gor. I am my ſelf the Judge of what I feel,
I feel him falſe, and feeling muſt reſent.
Gar. Shall it be deem'd a Falſhood to accept
A Dignity by Royal Hands conferr'd?
Gor. He ſhou'd have wav'd it; firſt conſulted me.
He might have held me ſtill his Friend ſincere,
Have ſhar'd my Fortunes, as a Friend intreating;
But baſely thus to out me of my Right,
By treacherous Acts to do me private Wrong,
Is what I never can forgive, and have reſented.
Gar. But in this Violence you offend the King,
The Sanction of whoſe Choice claim'd more Regard.
Gor. Why am I fretted with theſe Chains of Honour,
Leſs free than others in my juſt Reſentments;
Who unprovok'd my ſelf, do no Man Wrong,
But injur'd, am as Storms implacable.
Gar. My Lord, this ſtubborn Temper will undo you.
Gor. Then, Sir, *Alvarez* will be ſatisfy'd.
Gar. Be yet perſwaded, and compoſe this Broil.
Gor. My Reſolutions fix'd; let's wave the Subject.

Gar.

Gar. Will you refuſe all Terms of Reparation?
Gor. All! all! that are not from my Honour due!
Gar. Dare you not truſt that Honour with your King?
Gor. My Life's my King's! my Honour is my own.
Gar. What's then in ſhort your Anſwer? For the King
Expects it on my firſt Return.
Gor. 'Tis this,
That I dare die, but cannot bow to Shame.
Gar. My Lord, I take my Leave.
Gor. Don *Garcia*'s Servant. [*Exit* Garcia.
Who fears not Death, ſmiles at the Frowns of Power.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Lord, your Leave to talk with you.
Gor. Be free.
I did expect you on this late Occaſion.
Car. I'm glad to find you do my Honour right,
And hope you'll not refuſe it wrong'd *Alvarez*.
Gor. He had a Sword to right himſelf.
Car. That Sword is here.
Gor. 'Tis well; the Place——and let our Time be ſhort.
Car. One Moment's Reſpite for *Ximena*'s ſake,
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart wou'd ſpare her;
We both, without a Stain to either's Honour,
May pity her Diſtreſs, and pauſe to ſave her.
Nor need I bluſh, that I ſuſpend my Cauſe,
Since with its Vengeance her ſure Woes are blended:
Not for my ſelf, but for her tender ſake,
I bend me to the Earth, and beg for Mercy.
Let not her Vertues ſuffer for her Love;
O! lay not on her Innocence the Grief
Of a mourn'd Father's, or a Lover's Blood:
O! ſpare her Sighs, prevent her ſtreaming Tears;
Stop this Effuſion of my bleeding Honour,
And heal, if poſſible, its Wounds with Peace.
Gor. What you have offer'd for *Ximena*'s ſake,
Will, in her Gratitude, be full repaid;
And for the Peace you ask, that's yours to give.
Submiſſion 'tis in vain to hope, for know,
I have this Hour refus'd it to the King.
Thy Father's Arts betray'd my Friendſhip's Faith;
I felt the Wrong, and as I ought, reveng'd it.
We're now on equal Terms: but if his Cauſe
So deep is in thy Heart, that thou reſolv'ſt,
With fruitleſs Vengeance, to provoke my Rage,
Then thou, not I, art Author of thy Ruine.

Car.

Car. Support me now, *Ximena*, guard my Heart, } *Aside.*
And bar this preſſing Provocation's Entrance. }
Have I, my Lord, in Perſon wrong'd you?
Gor. No.
Car. Why then theſe fatal Cruelties to me,
That I muſt loſe, or wrong *Ximena*'s Love?
For ſhe muſt ſcorn me, ſhou'd I bear my Shame;
Or fly me, tho' my Honour ſhou'd revenge it.
Gor. Place that to thy Misfortune, not to me.
Car. Not to you?
Am I not forc'd by Wrongs, I bluſh to name,
To proſecute this fatal Reparation?
Which, had you Temper, or a Feeling here;
Had you the Spirit to confeſs your Error,
Your Heart's Confuſion had ſubdu'd *Alvarez*,
And thrown you at his injur'd Feet for Pardon.
Gor. If thou comeſt here to talk me from my Senſe,
Or think'ſt with Words t' extenuate his Guilt,
Thou offer'ſt to the Winds thy forceleſs Plea.
I will not bear the mention of his Truth;
His Falſhood's here, 'tis rooted in my Heart,
And juſtifies a worſe Revenge than I have taken.
Car. O Patience, Heav'n! O torrur'd Rage! Not ſpeak!
The pious Pangs of my torn Soul inſulted!
Have I for this, bow'd down my humble Knee,
To ſwell thy Triumph o'er my Father's Wrongs,
And hear him tainted with a Traytor's Practice?
O give me back that vile ſubmiſſive Shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance:
Yet no —— with-hold it, take it to acquit my Love!
That Sacrifice was to *Ximena* due,
Her helpleſs Sufferings claim'd that Pang: And ſince
I cannot bring Diſhonour to her Arms,
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its laſt Adieus,
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace:
Farewel, dear injur'd Softneſs —— follow me.
Gor. Lead on —— yet hold! ſhou'd we together forth,
It may create Suſpicion, and prevent us:
Propoſe the Place, I'll take ſome different Circle.
Car. Behind the Ramparts, near the *Weſtern* Gate.
Gor. Expect me on the Inſtant.
Car. Poor *Ximena*! [*Exit.*

Gor.

Gor. Deep as Reſentment lodges in my Heart,
It feels ſome Pity there for *Carlos'* Paſſion---
It ſhall be ſo--- his brave Reſentment's juſt;
[*Writes in Tablets.*
And hard his Fate--- both Ways--- this Legacy
Shall right my Honour and my Enemy. [*Exit.*

Enter Belzara, *and* Ximena.

Bel. Look up, *Ximena*, and ſuppreſs thy Fears,
What tho' a Tranſient Cloud o'ercaſt thy Joy,
Shall we conclude from thence a Wrack muſt follow?
Xim. Can I reſiſt the Fears that Reaſon forms?
Have I not Cauſe to tremble in the Storm?
While Horror, Ruin, and Deſpair's in view?
Can I ſupport the good *Alvarez'* Shame,
Whoſe generous Heart took Pity on our Love,
And not let fall a grateful Tear to mourn it?
Can I behold fierce *Carlos*, ſtung with his Diſgrace,
Breaking like Fire from theſe weak-holding Arms,
And not ſink down with Terror at his Rage?
Muſt I not tremble, for the Blood may follow?
If by his Arm my hapleſs Father falls,
Am I not forc'd with Rigour to revenge him?
If *Carlos* by my Father's Sword ſhou'd bleed,
Am I not bound with double Grief to mourn him?
One gave me Life, ſhall I not revere him,
The other is my Life, can I ſurvive him?
Bel. Her Griefs have ſomething of ſuch mournful Force,
That tho' not equal to my own, I feel them,
Xim. Carlos you ſee too ſhuns my Sight, no News,
No Tydings yet arrive, tho' I have ſent
My ſwifteſt Fears a Thouſand Ways to find him,
Who can ſupport theſe Terrors of Suſpence?
Bel. Be not thus torn with wild uncertain Fears,
Carlos may yet arrive, and ſave your Peace;
He is too much a Lover to reſiſt
The tender Pleadings of *Ximena's* Sorrow,
One Word, one Sigh from you arreſts his Arm,
And makes the Tempeſt of his Rage ſubſide.
Xim. And ſay that I cou'd conquer him; with Tears,
And Terrors cou'd ſubdue his pitious Heart,
To yield his Honour and its Cauſe to Love,
What will the World not ſay of his Compliance?
Can I be happy in his Fame's Diſgrace?
Can Love ſubſiſt on Shame, that ſprung from Honour?

Shall I reduce him to ſuch hard Contempt,
And raiſe on Infamy our Nuptial Joy?
Ah no! no Means are left for my Relief:
Let him reſiſt, or yield to my Diſtreſs,
Or Shame, or Sorrow's ſure to meet me.
Bel. Ximena has, I ſee, a Soul refin'd,
Too Great, too Juſt, too Noble to be Happy:
True Vertue muſt deſpair from this vile World
To crown its Days with unallay'd Reward:
But ſee, your Servant is return'd! good News,
Kind Heav'n!

Enter a Page.

Xim. Speak quickly, has thou ſeen Don *Carlos?*
Page. Madam, where your Commands directed me,
I've made the ſtricted Search in vain to find him.
Xim. Now, now *Belzara*, where's that Hope thou gav'ſt me?
Bel. Nor haſt thou gain'd no Knowledge of his Steps?
Has no one ſeen him paſs, or heard of him?
Page. As I return'd, the Centinel, that guards
The Gate, inform'd me, that he ſaw him ſcarce
Ten Minutes hence paſs in diſorder'd Haſte
From out this very Houſe alone.
Bel. Alone?
Page. Alone, and after ſoon my Lord, wrapt in
His Cloak without a Servant, follow'd him.
Xim. O Heav'n!
Bel. No Servant, ſaid'ſt thou?
Page. None, and as
My Lord came forth, the Soldier ſtanding to
His Arms, he ſign'd Forbidance, and reply'd,
Be ſure you ſaw me not:
Xim. Then Ruin's ſure,
They are engag'd, and fatal Blood muſt follow:
Excuſe, my Dear, this Hurry of my Fate,
One Moment loſt may prove an Age too late. [*Exit.*
Bel. Howe'er my own Afflictions preſs my Heart,
I bear a Part in poor *Ximena's* Grief,
Tho' e'en the Worſt that can befall her Hopes,
May better be endur'd than what I feel!
O! nothing can deſtroy her Lover's Truth,
Carlos may prove Unhappy, not Inconſtant;
Whate'er Diſaſters may obſtruct her Joy,
The Comfort of his Truth is ſure to find her,
That Thought, ev'n Pains of parting may remove,
Or fill up all the Space of Abſence with Delight.

But

But I alas, am left to my Deſpair alone,
Confin'd to ſigh in Solitude my Woes,
Or hide with Anguiſh what I bluſh to bear.
In vain the Woman's Pride reſents my Wrongs,
Unconquer'd Love maintains his Empire ſtill,
And with new Force inſults my Heart's Reſiſtance.

Enter Alonzo *haſtily.*

Alon. Your Pardon, Madam--- Have you ſeen Lord *Gormaz*?
I come to warn him that he ſtir not hence,
The Guards are order'd to attend his Doors.

Bel. Alas they are too late! *Carlos* and he
Are both gone forth, 'tis fear'd with fatal Purpoſe;
And poor *Ximena* drown'd in Tears has follow'd 'em.

Alon. Then 'tis indeed too late, I wiſh my Friend,
The raſh Don *Sanchez*, has not blown this Fire.
Be not concern'd, Madam, I know your Griefs,
And as a Friend, have labour'd to prevent 'em.
You have not told *Ximena* of his Falſhood?

Bel. Alas! I durſt not; knowing that her Friendſhip
Wou'd for my ſake ſo coldly treat his Vows,
That 'twou'd but more provoke him to inſult me.

Alon. You judge him right, Patience will yet recall him,
'Tis not his Love, but Pride, purſues *Ximena*,
A youthful Heat, that with the Toil will tire:
Be comforted, I'll ſtill obſerve his Steps,
And when I find him ſtaggering, catch him back
To Love, and warm him with his Vows of Honour:
But Duty calls me to the King—— Shall I
Attend you, Madam?

Bel. Sir, I thank your Care,
My near Concern for poor *Ximena*'s Fate,
Keeps me impatient here, 'till her Return. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Garcia, Sanchez, *Attendants.*

King. Since mild Intreaties fail, our Power ſhall force him:
Cou'd he ſuppoſe his Inſult to our Perſon offer'd,
His Outrage done within our Palace Walls,
Deſerv'd the Lenity we've deign'd to ſhew him:
Is yet *Alonzo* with our Orders gone?

Gar. He is, my Lord, but not return'd.

D. San. Dread Sir,
For what the Count has offer'd to *Alvarez*,
I dare not plead Excuſe; but as his Friend,
Wou'd beg you Royal Leave to mitigate
His ſeeming Diſobedience to your Pleaſure. Re-

Reſtraint, however Juſt, oppos'd againſt
The Tyde of Paſſion, makes the Current fiercer,
Which of it ſelf in time had ebb'd to Reaſon;
Your Will ſurpriz'd him in his Heart's Emotion,
E'er Thought had Leiſure to compoſe his Mind;
Great Souls are jealous of their Honour's Shame,
And bend reluctant to injoin'd Submiſſion:
Had your Commands oblig'd him to repair
Alvarez' Wrongs with Hazards in your Service,
Were it to face the double-number'd Foe,
To paſs the rapid Stream thro' Showers of Fire,
To force the Trenchment, or to ſtorm the Breach,
I'll anſwer he'd embrace with Joy the Charge,
And march intrepid in Commands of Honour.

King. We doubt not of his daring in the Field,
But he miſtakes, if he concludes from thence,
That to perſiſt in Wrong, is Height of Spirit,
Or to have acted Wrong, is always baſe:
Perfection's not the Attribute of Man,
Nor therefore can a Fault confeſt degrade him:
The loweſt Minds have Spirit to offend,
But few can reach the Courage to confeſs it.
Submitting to our Will, the Count had loſt
No Fame, nor can we pardon his Refuſal:
What you have ſaid, Don *Sanchez*, ſpeaks the Friend;
What we reſolve, 'tis fit ſhou'd ſpeak the King:
We both have ſaid enough— The Publick now
Requires our Thought: We are inform'd Ten Sail
Of warlike Veſſels, Man'd with our old Foes
The *Moors*, were late diſcover'd off our Coaſt,
And ſteering to the River's-Mouth their Courſe.

Gar. The Lives, Sir, they have loſt in like Attempts
Muſt make them cautious to repeat the Danger;
This is no Time to fear them.

King. Nor Contemn,
Too full Security has oft been fatal.
Conſider with what Eaſe the Flood at Night,
May bring them down t' inſult our Capital:
Let at the Port, and on the Walls our Guards
Be doubl'd; till the Morn, that Force may ſerve;
Gormax has tim'd it ill to be in Fault,
When his immediate Preſence is requir'd.

Gar. My Liege, *Alonzo* is return'd.

Enter

Enter Alonzo.

King. 'Tis well!
Have you obey'd us, is the Count confin'd?
Alon. Your Orders, Sir, arriv'd unhappily
Too late, the Count with *Carlos*, was before
Gone forth, to end their fatal Difference;
As I came back, I met the gathering Croud
In Fright, and hurrying to the Weſtern Gate,
To ſee, as they reported, in the Field
The Body of ſome murther'd Nobleman.
Struck with my Fears, I haſted to the Place,
Where to my Senſe's Horror, when arriv'd,
I found them true, and *Gormaz* juſt expir'd;
While fair *Ximena*, to adorn the Woe,
Bath'd his pale breathleſs Body with her Tears,
Calling with Cries for Juſtice on his Head,
Whoſe rueful Hand had done the barbarous Deed;
The pitying Crowd took Part in her Diſtreſs,
And join'd her moving Plaints for due Revenge;
While ſome in kinder Feeling of her Griefs,
Remov'd the mournful Object from her Eyes,
And to the Neighbouring Convent bore the Body,
Which when committed to the Abbot's Care,
I left the preſſing Throng to tell the News.
King. *Ximena*'s Griefs are follow'd with our own,
For tho' in ſome Degree the haughty Count
Drew on himſelf the Son's too juſt Revenge,
We cannot loſe without a deep Concern
So true a Subject, and ſo a brave a Soldier:
However Pity may for *Carlos* plead,
Death ends his Failings, and demands our Grief.
Alon. Sir, here in the Tablets of the unhappy Count,
In his own Hand theſe written Lines were found.
King. ' *Alvarez* wrong'd me in my Maſter's Favour, } [*Read-*
' *Carlos* is brave, and has deſerv'd *Ximena*. } *ing.*
Strange, generous Spirit, now we pity thee.
Alon. Behold, Sir, where the loſt *Ximena* comes,
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, to demand your Juſtice.

Enter Ximena.

Xim. O Sacred Sir! forgive my Grief's Intruſion,
Behold a helpleſs Orphan at your Feet,
Who for a Father's Blood implores your Juſtice.

Enter

Enter Alvarez, *haſtily.*

Alv. O! turn, dread Royal Maſter, turn your Eyes,
See on the Earth your faithful Soldier proſtrate,
Whoſe Honour's juſt Revenge intreats your Mercy.
Xim. O godlike Monarch, hear my louder Cries!
Alv. O be not to the Old and Helpleſs deaf!
Xim. Revenge your ſelf, your violated Laws.
Alv. Support not Violence in rude Aggreſſors.
Xim. Be greatly Good, and do the Injur'd Juſtice.
Alv, Be greater ſtill, and ſhew the Valiant Mercy.
Xim. O Sir, your Crown's Support and Guard is gone;
The impious *Carlos'* Sword has kill'd my Father:
Alv. And like a pious Son aveng'd his own.
King. Riſe, fair *Ximena*, and *Alvarez* riſe!
With equal Sorrow we receive your Plaints,
Both ſhall be heard apart—— proceed *Ximena*;
Alvarez in your Place you ſpeak, be patient.
Xim. What can I ſay? But Miſeries like mine
May plead with plaineſt Truths their pitious Cauſe.
Is he not dead? Is not my Father kill'd?
Have not theſe Eyes beheld his ghaſtly Wound,
And mixt with fruitleſs Tears his ſtreaming Blood?
That Blood which in his Royal Maſter's Cauſe
So oft has ſprung him thro' your Foes victorious;
That Blood, which all the raging Swords of War
Cou'd never reach, a young preſumptuous Arm,
Has dar'd within your View to ſacrifice!
Theſe Eyes beheld it ſtream—— Excuſe my Grief,
My Tears will better than my Words explain me.
King. Take Heart, *Ximena*, we're inclin'd to hear thee.
Xim. O ſhall a Life ſo faithful to the King
Fall unreveng'd, and ſtain his Glory?
Shall Merit ſo important to the State
Be left expos'd to ſacrilegious Rage,
And fall the Sacrifice of private Paſſion?
Alvarez ſays his Honour was inſulted,
Yet, be it ſo, was there no King to right it?
Who better cou'd protect it than the Donor?
Shall *Carlos* wreſt the Scepter from your Hand,
And point the Sword of Juſtice whom to puniſh?
O! if ſuch Outrage may eſcape with Pardon,
Whoſe Life's ſecure from his ſelf-judging Rage?
O where's Protection, if *Ximena's* Tears,
And tender Paſſion cou'd not ſave her Father?

King.

King. *Alvarez*, anſwer her.

Alv. My Heart's too full:
Divided, torn, diſtracted with its Griefs,
How can I plead poor *Carlos'* Cauſe, when I
Am toucht with Pity of *Ximena's* Woe?
Her ſuffering Piety has caught my Soul,
And only leaves me Sorrow to defend me;
Ximena has a Grief I cannot diſallow,
Nor dare I hope for Pardon, but your Pity;
Carlos even yet may merit ſome Compaſſion,
Perhaps I'm partial to his Piety,
And ſee his Deeds with a fond Father's Eye,
But that I ſtill muſt leave to Royal Mercy!
O Sir, imagine what the Brave endure,
When the chaſte Front of Honour is inſulted,
Her Fame abus'd, and raviſh'd by a Blow.
Oh piercing, piercing muſt the Torture be,
If ſoft *Ximena* wanted Power t' appeaſe it.
Pardon this Weakneſs of o'erflowing Nature,
I cannot ſee ſuch filial Vertue periſh,
And not let fall a Tear to mourn its Hardſhip.

Xim. O my divided Heart! oh poor *Alvarez!* [*Aſide.*

King. Compoſe thy Griefs, my good old Friend, we feel them:

Alv. If *Gormaz'* Blood muſt be with Blood reveng'd,
O do not, Sacred Sir, miſplace your Juſtice,
Mine was the Guilt, and be on me the Vengeance,
Carlos but acted what my Sufferings prompted,
The fatal Sword was not his own, but mine,
I gave it with my Wrongs into his Hand,
Which had been innocent had mine been able.
On me your Vengeance will be juſt and mild!
My Days alas are drawing to their End,
But *Carlos* ſpar'd, may yet live long to ſerve you:
Preſerve my Son, and I embrace my Fate,
Since he has ſav'd my Honour from the Grave,
O lay me gently there to reſt for ever.

King. Your mutual Plaints require our tend'reſt Thought,
Our Counſel ſhall be ſummon'd to aſſiſt us--
Look up, my Fair, and calm thy Sorrows,
Thy King is now thy Father, and will right thee:
Alvarez on his Word has Liberty:
Be *Carlos* found to anſwer to his Charge.

Sanchez,

Sanchez, wait you *Ximena* to her Reſt,
Whom on the Morrow's Noon we full will anſwer:

Hard is the Task of Juſtice, where Diſtreſs
Excites our Mercy, yet demands Redreſs.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT the Fourth.

Belzara, *alone: In* Ximena's *Apartment.*

Bel. SURE ſome illboding Planet muſt preſide
Malignant to the Peace of tender Lovers!
Undone *Ximena!* O relentleſs Honour!
That firſt ſubdu'd thy generous Heart, then rais'd
Thy Lover's fatal Arm to pierce it through
Thy Father's Life, and make thy Vertue wretched:
The hapleſs *Carlos* too is loſt for ever!
Condemn'd to fly an Exile from her Sight,
In whom he only lives! Oh Heav'n! he's here,
His Miſeries have made him deſperate.

Enter Carlos.

Carlos, What wild Diſtraction has poſſeſt thee,
That thus thou ſeek'ſt thy Safety in thy Ruin?
Is this a Place to hide thy wretched Head,
Where Juſtice, and *Ximena*'s ſure to find thee?

Car. I won'd not hide me from *Ximena*'s Sight;
Baniſht from her, I every Moment die:
Since I muſt periſh, let her Frowns deſtroy me,
Her Anger's ſharper than the Sword of Juſtice.

Bel. Alas, I pity thee, but would not have
Thee tempt the firſt Emotions of her Heart,
While Duty, and Reſentment yet tranſport her:
I wait each Moment her Return from Court,
Which now, be ſure, will be with Friends attended;

O fly, for Pity's ſake, regard her Fame,
Shou'd you be ſeen, what muſt the World conclude?
Wou'd you increaſe her Miſeries, to have
Malicious Tongues report her Love conceal'd
Beneath the Roof, her Father's Murtherer.
But ſee, ſhe comes! O hide thee but a Moment!
Kill not her Honour too, let that perſuade thee. [*Exit* Carlos.
Don *Sanchez* here! Oh Heav'ns! how I tremble. [*Retires.*

Enter Sanchez *and* Ximena.

D. San. This noble Conqueſt, Madam, of your Love,
To After-Ages muſt Record your Fame,
Juſt is your Grief, and your Reſentment great,
And great the Victim that ſhou'd fall before it;
But Words are empty Succours to Diſtreſs;
Therefore command my Actions to relieve you.
Wou'd you have ſure Revenge, employ this Sword,
My Fortune, and my Life is yours to right you;
Accept my Service, and you over pay it.

Bel. O faithleſs, barbarous Man! but I'll divert } *Apart.*
Thy cruel Aim, and uſe my Power for *Carlos.*

Xim. O miſerable me!

Bel. Take Comfort, Madam.

D. San. Belzara here! then I have loſt th' Occaſion } *Aſide.*
Yet I may urge enough to give her Pain:
Commanding me, you make your Vengeance ſure.

Xim. That were t' offend the King, to whom I have
Appeal'd, and whence I now muſt only wait it.

D. San. Revenge from Juſtice, Madam, moves ſo ſlow,
That oft the watchful Criminal eſcapes it.
Appeal to your Reſentment, you ſecure it.
Carlos, you found, wou'd truſt no other Power,
And 'tis but juſt you quit him, as he wrong'd you.

Bel. Alas! Don *Sanchez*, Madam, feels not Love,
He little thinks how *Carlos* fills your Heart;
What ſhining Glory in his Crime appears;
What Pangs it coſt him to take part with Honour:
That you muſt hate the Hand that could deſtroy him.
Sanchez, to ſhew the real Friend, would uſe
His ſecret Int'reſt with the King to ſpare him;
For tho' you're bound in Duty to purſue him,
Yet Love, alas! wou'd with a conſcious Joy,
Applaud the Power that could unbid preſerve him.

Xim. O kind *Belzara!* how thou feel'ſt my Sufferings,
Yet I muſt think, Don *Sanchez* means me well.

D. San.

D. San. Confuſion! how her ſubtle Tongue has foil'd me—
[*Aſide.*
Madam, ſome other Time I'll beg your Leave
To wait your Service, and approve my Friendſhip.
Xim. Oh! every Friend, but *Carlos*, is at Hand
To help me! Grief, Sir, is unfit to thank you.
D. San. Oh! if ſuch Beauties 'midſt her Sorrows ſhine,
What darting Charms muſt point her ſmiling Eyes. [*Exit.*
Xim. At length I'm free, at Liberty to think,
And give my Miſeries a Looſe of Sorrow.
O *Belzara!* *Carlos* has kill'd my Father!
Weep! weep my Eyes, pour down your baleful Show'rs,
He that in Grief ſhou'd be my Heart's Support,
Has wrought my Sorrows, and muſt fall their Victim.
When *Carlos* is deſtroy'd, what Comfort's left me?
Spite of my Wrongs he ſtill inhabits here:
O ſtill his fatal Vertues plead his Cauſe;
His filial Honour charms my Woman's Heart,
And there ev'n yet he combats with my Father.
Bel. Reſtrain theſe headſtrong Sallies of your Heart,
And try with Slumbers to compoſe your Spirits.
Xim. O! where's Repoſe for Miſery like mine?
How grievous Heav'n! how bitter is my Portion?
O ſhall a Parent's Blood cry Unreveng'd?
Shall impious Love ſuborn my Heart to pay
His Aſhes but unprofitable Tears,
And bury in my Shame the great Regards of Duty?
Bel. Alas! that Duty is diſcharg'd; you have
Appeal'd to Juſtice, and ſhou'd wait its Courſe.
Nor are you bound with Rigour to enforce it;
His hard Misfortunes may deſerve Compaſſion.
Xim. O! that they do deſerve, it is my Grief;
Cou'd I withdraw my Pity from his Cauſe,
Were Falſhood, Pride, or Inſolence his Crime,
My juſt Revenge, without a Pang, ſhou'd reach him.
But as he is ſupported with Excuſe,
Defended by the Cries of bleeding Honour,
Whoſe cruel Laws none but the Great obey;
My hopeleſs Heart is tortur'd with Extreams,
It mourns in Vengeance, and at Mercy ſhudders.
Bel. O what will be at laſt the dire Reſolve
Of your afflicted Soul?
Xim. There is but one
Can end my Sorrows, and preſerve my Fame;

The

The ſole Reſource my Miſeries can have
Is to purſue, deſtroy; then meet him in the Grave. [Going.

Carlos *meets her.*

Amazement, Horror! have my Eyes their Senſe?
Or do my raving Griefs create this Phantom?
Support me! help me! hide me from the Viſion!
For 'tis not *Carlos* come to brave my Sorrows. [Carlos *kneels.*

Bel. O turn your Eyes in pity of his Griefs,
Reſign'd, and proſtrate at your Feet for Mercy.

Xim. What will my Woes do with me?

Bel. Now!
Now conquering Love ſhoot all thy Fires to ſave him;
Now ſnatch the Palm from cruel Honour's Brow;
Maintain thy Empire, and relieve the Wretched:
O hang upon his Tongue thy thrilling Charms,
To hold her Heart, and kill the Hopes of *Sanchez.* [*Exit.*

Car. O pierce not thus with thy offended Eyes,
The wretched Heart that of it ſelf is breaking.

Xim. Can I be wounded, and not ſhriek with Pain?
Can I ſupport with Temper, him that ſhed
My Father's Blood triumphant in my Ruin?
O *Carlos! Carlos!* was thy Heart of Stone?
Was nothing due to poor *Ximena*'s Peace?
O! 'twas not thus I felt new Pains for thee,
When at my Feet, thy Sighs of Love were pity'd,
And all hereditary Hate forgotten!
Tho' bound in filial Honour, to inſult
Thy Flame; I broke thro' all to crown thy Vows,
And bore the Cenſure of my Race to ſave thee:
And am I thus requited? left forlorn?
The tender Paſſion of my Heart deſpis'd!
Cou'd not my Terrors move one Spark of Mercy?
No mild Abatement of thy ſtern Revenge?
T' excuſe thy Crime, or juſtify my Love?

Car. O hear me but a Moment.

Xim. O my Heart!

Car. One mournful Word!

Xim. Ah! leave me to deſpair!

Car. One dying laſt Adieu, then wreak thy Vengeance:
Behold the Sword that has undone thee.

Xim. Ah! ſtain'd with my Father's Blood! O rueful Object!

Car. O *Ximena!*

Xim. Take hence that horrid Steel,
That, while I bear thy Sight, arraigns my Vertue.

Car. Endure it rather to ſupport Reſentment,

T' inflame thy Vengeance, and to pierce thy Victim:
I am more wretched, than thy Rage can wish me.

Xim. O cruel *Carlos!* in one Day thou hast kill'd
The Father with thy Sword, the Daughter with
Thy Sight — O yet remove that fatal Object;
I cannot bear the Glare of its Reproach;
If thou woud'st have me hear thee, hide the Cause,
That wounds Reflection to our mutual Ruin.

Car. Thus I obey —— but how shall I proceed?
What Words can help me to deserve thy Hearing?
How can I plead my wounded Honour's Cause,
Where injur'd Love and Duty are my Judges?
Or how shall I repent me of a Crime,
Which, Uncommitted, had deserv'd thy Scorn?
Yet think not; O I conjure thee! think not,
But that I bore a thousand Racks of Love,
While my conflicting Honour press'd for Vengeance;
O I endur'd! submitted ev'n to Shame,
Begg'd, as for Life, for peaceful Reparation!
But all in vain! like Water sprinkled on
A Fire, those Drops but made him burn the more,
And only added to thy Father's Fierceness.
Reduc'd, at last, to these Extreams of Torture,
That I must be, or Infamous, or Wretched,
I sav'd my Honour, and resign'd to Ruin.
Nor think, *Ximena*, Honour had prevail'd,
But that thy nobler Soul oppos'd thy Charms,
And told my Heart, none but the Brave deserv'd thee.
Now having thus discharg'd my Honour's Debt,
And wash'd my injur'd Father's Stains away,
What yet remains of Life, is due to Love.
Behold the Wretch, whose Honour's fatal Fame
Is founded on the Ruin of thy Peace:
Receive the Victim, which thy Griefs demand,
Prepar'd to bleed, and bending to the Blow.

Xim. O *Carlos*, I must take thee at thy Word,
But must with equal Justice too discharge
My Ties of Love, as fatal Bonds of Duty.
O think not, tho' enforc'd to these Extreams,
My Heart is yet insensible to thee!
O! I must thank thee for thy painful Pause;
The generous Shame thy tortur'd Honour bore,
When at my Father's Feet my Suff'rings threw thee.
Can I present thee in that dear Confusion,
And not with grateful Sighs of Pity mourn thee?
I can lament thee, but I dare not pardon; Thy

Thy Duty done, reminds me of my own;
My filial Piety, like thine diſtreſs'd,
Compels me to be miſerably Juſt,
And asks my Love a Victim to my Fame:
Yet think not Duty cou'd o'er Love prevail,
But that thy nobler Soul aſſures my Heart,
Thou would'ſt deſpiſe the Paſſion that cou'd ſave thee.

Car. Since I muſt die, let that kind Hand deſtroy me,
Let not the Wretch once honour'd with thy Love,
Thy *Carlos*, once thought worthy of thy Arms,
Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Juſtice;
To draw the irkſome Pity of a Crowd,
Who may with vulgar Reaſon call thee Cruel.
My Death from thee will elevate thy Vengeance,
And ſhew, like mine, thy Duty ſcorn'd Aſſiſtance.

Xim. Shall I then take Aſſiſtance? and from thee?
Accept that Vengeance from thy Heart's Deſpair?
No, *Carlos*, no!
I will not judge, like thee, my private Wrongs,
But to the Courſe of Juſtice truſt my Duty,
Which ſhall, in every Part, untainted flow;
Unmix'd with gain'd Advantage o'er thy Love,
And from its own pure Fountain raiſe my Glory.

Car. O can my Death with Shame advance that Glory?
Can I do more than periſh, to appeaſe thee?
Can my Misfortunes too have reach'd thy Hate?

Xim. Can Hate have part in Interviews like this?
Nay, can I give thee greater Proof of Love,
Than that I truſt my Vengeance with thy Honour?
Art not thou now within my Power to ſeize?
Yet I'll releaſe thee, *Carlos*, on thy Word,
Give me thy Word, that on the morrow Noon,
Before the King in Perſon thou wilt anſwer,
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.

Car. O! thou haſt found the Way to fix my Ruine!
It muſt be ſo, thou ſhalt have ample Vengeance,
Purſu'd by thee, my Life's not worth the ſaving;
But then that fatal Honour, my Engagement,
That at the Hour propos'd, I'll meet my Fate ----
But muſt we part, *Ximena*, like ſworn Foes?
Has Love no Senſe of all its periſh'd Hopes?
Diſmiſs my Miſeries, at leaſt, with Pity:
May I not breathe upon this injur'd Boſom,
One parting Sigh to eaſe my wounded Soul,
And looſe the Anguiſh of a broken Heart?

Xim. Support me Heaven ---- we meet again to Morrow.
Car. To Morrow, we muſt meet like Enemies,
Thy piercing Eyes, relentleſs in Revenge,
And all the Softneſs of thy Heart forgotten;
This only Moment is our Life of Love.
O take not from this little Interval,
The poor expiring Comfort that is left me. [*Xim. weeps.*
My Heart's confounded with thy ſoft Compaſſion,
And doats upon the Vertue that deſtroys me.
Xim. O! I ſhall have the Start of thee in Woe;
Thou can'ſt but fall for her thou lov'ſt; but what
Muſt ſhe endure that loves thee ---- and deſtroys thee?
Yet, *Carlos*, take this Comfort in thy Fate,
That if the Hand of Juſtice ſhou'd o'ertake thee,
Thy mournful Urn ſhall hold *Ximena*'s Aſhes.
Car. O Miracle of Love!
Xim. O mortal Sorrow!
But haſte, O leave me while my Heart's reſolv'd,
Fly, fly me, *Carlos*, leaſt thou taint my Fame;
Leaſt in this ebbing Rigour of my Soul
I tell thee, tho' I proſecute thy Fate,
My ſecret Wiſh is, that my Cauſe may fail me.
Car. O Spirit of Compaſſion! O *Ximena!*
What Pangs and Ruine have our Parents coſtus?
Farewel, thou Treaſure of my Soul, O ſtay!
Take not at once my ſhort-liv'd Joys away,
While thus I fix me on thy mournful Eyes,
Let my Diſtreſſes to Extreams ariſe,
Thy Victim's now ſecure; for thus to part,
I ſate thy Vengeance with a broken Heart. [Exeunt,

Enter Alvarez *with Noblemen, Officers, and others.*
1ſt. Nob. Theſe few, my Lord, are on my Part engag'd,
In half an Hour Don *Henrique de Las Torres*,
With Sixty more, will wait upon your Cauſe,
Reſolv'd, and ready, all like us, to right you:
Since the juſt Quarrel of your Houſe muſt live,
Since the brave Blood of *Carlos* is purſu'd,
The Race of *Gormaz* ſhall attend his Aſhes.
Alv. My Lord, this Mark of your exalted Honour
Will bind me ever grateful to your Friendſhip;
Tho' I ſtill hope the Mercy of the King
Will ſpare the Criminal, whoſe Guilt is Honour.
The Service I have done the State has found
A bounteous Maſter always to reward it;

Nor

Nor am I yet ſo wedded to my Reſt,
But that I ſtill can, on Occaſion, break it.
The *Moors* are anchor'd now within the River,
And, as I'm told, near Landing to inſult us----
Wherefore I wou'd entreat you at this Time,
To wave my private Danger for the Publick.
Since Chance has form'd us to ſo brave a Body,
Let us not part inactive in our Honour;
Let's ſeize this glad Occaſion of th' Alarm,
Let's chace theſe Robbers in our King's Defence,
And bravely merit, not demand his Mercy.
1ſt. Nob. Alvarez may command us, who is ſtill
Himſelf, and owns no Cauſe unmix'd with Honour.
Alv. How now! the News. [*Enter a Servant, who*
Juſt enter'd, and alone! *whiſpers* Alvarez.
O Heav'n, my Prayers are heard my noble Friends,
Something to our preſent Purpoſe has occur'd;
Let me intreat you, forward to the Garden,
Where you will find a treble Number of
Our Forces aſſembl'd on the like Occaſion;
My ſelf will in a Moment bring you News,
That will confirm and animate our Hopes. [Exeunt *Nob.*

Enter Carlos.

My *Carlos!* O do I live once more t' embrace thee,
Prop of my Age, and Guardian of my Fame!
Nor think, my Champion, that my Joy's thus wild,
For that thou only haſt reveng'd my Honour,
(Tho' that's a Thought might bleſs me in the Grave)
No, no, my Son, for thee am I tranſported;
Alas! I am too ſenſible what Pains
Thy Heart muſt feel from Anguiſh of thy Love;
And had I not new Hopes that will ſupport thee,
Some preſent Proſpect of thy Pain's Relief,
My Senſe of thy Afflictions would deſtroy me.
Car. What means this kind Compaſſion of my Griefs?
Is there, on Earth, a Cure for Woes like mine!
O, Sir, you are ſo tenderly a Father,
So good, I can't repent me of my Duty:
Be not however jealous of my Fame,
If yet I mix your Tranſports with a Sigh,
For ruin'd Love, and for the loſt *Ximena:*
For ſince I drag, with my Deſpair, my Chain,
Her fated Vengeance only can relieve me.

Alv. No more depreſs thy Spirit with Deſpair,
While Glory and thy Country's Cauſe ſhou'd wake it;
The *Moors* not yet expected, are arriv'd,
The Tyde and ſilent Darkneſs of the Night
Lands, in an Hour, their Forces at our Gates:
The Court's diſmay'd, the People in Alarm,
And loud Confuſion fills the frighted Town.
But Fortune e'er this publick Danger reach'd us,
Had rais'd Five Hundred Friends, the Foes of *Gormaz*,
Whoſe Swords reſolve to vindicate thy Vengeance,
And here without expect thee at their Head.
Forward, my Son, their Numbers ſoon will ſwell,
Suſtain the Brunt and Fury of the Foe.
And if thy Life's ſo painful to be born,
Lay it at leaſt with Honour in the Duſt,
Caſt it not fruitleſs from thee; let thy King
Firſt know its Value, e'er his Laws demand it;
But Time's too precious to be talk'd away.
Advance my Son, and let thy Maſter ſee,
What he has loſt in Gormaz, *is redeem'd in thee.*
Car. Relenting Heav'n at laſt has found the Means
To end my Miſeries with guiltleſs Honour.
Why ſhou'd I live a Burden to my ſelf,
A Trouble to my Friends, a Terror to *Ximena*?
Not all the Force of Mercy, or of Merit,
Can waſh a Father's Blood from her Remembrance,
Or reconcile the Horror to her Love.
Yet I'll not think her Duty ſo ſevere,
But that to ſee me fall my Country's Victim
Wou'd pleaſe her Paſſion, tho' it ſhock'd her Vengeance:
It muſt be ſo ----- dying with Honour I
Diſcharge the Son, the Subject, and the Lover:
O! when this mangled Body ſhall be found.
A bare and undiſtinguiſh'd Carcaſs 'midſt the Slain,
Will ſhe not weep in pity of my Wounds,
And own her Wrongs have ample Expiation?

Her Duty then may, with a ſecret Tear,
Confeſs her Vengeance great, and glorious my Deſpair.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT the Fifth.

Belzara *alone.*

Bel.  ictorious *Carlos*, now reſume thy Hopes,
Demand thy Life, and ſilence thy *Ximena*.
Hard were thy Fate indeed, if ſhe alone
Should be the Bar to Triumphs nobly purchas'd.
But ſee, ſhe comes, with mournful Pomp of Woe,
To proſecute this Darling of the People,
And damp, with ill-tim'd Griefs, the publick Joy.

Enter Ximena *in Mourning, attended.*

Ximena! Oh! I more than ever now
Deplore the hard Afflictions that purſue thee;
While thy whole native Country is in Joy,
Art thou the only Object of Deſpair?
Is this a Time to proſecute thy Cauſe,
When publick Gratitude is bound t' oppoſe thee?
When on the Head of *Carlos*, which thy Griefs
Demand, Fortune has pour'd Protection down?
The *Moors* repuls'd, his Country ſav'd from Rapine,
His menac'd King confirm'd upon his Throne,
From every Heart but thine, will find a Voice
To lift his eccho'd Praiſes to the Heav'ns.

Ximena. Is 't poſſible? Are all theſe Wonders true?
Am I the only Mark of his Miſdoing?
Cou'd then his fatal Sword tranſpierce my Father;
Yet ſave a Nation to defeat my Vengeance?
Still as I paſs, the publick Voice extols
His glorious Deeds, regardleſs of my Wrongs;
The Eye of Pity, that but Yeſternight
Let fall a Tear in feeling of my Cauſe,
Now turns away, retracting its Compaſſion,
And ſpeaks the general Grudge at my complaining.
But there's a King, who's ſacred Word's his Law;
Supported by that Hope, I ſtill muſt on,
Nor till by him rejected, can be ſilent.

Bel. Your Duty ſhou'd recede, when publick Good
Muſt ſuffer in the Life your Cauſe purſues.

Xim. But can it be? Was it to *Carlos'* Sword
The Nation thus tranſported owes its Safety?
O let me taſte the Pleaſure, and the Pain!
Tell me, *Belzara*, tell me all his Glory,
O! let me Surfeit on the guilty Joy,
Delight my Paſſion, and torment my Vertue.
Bel. Alonzo, who was preſent will inform us,
Enter Alonzo.
Alonzo, if your Buſineſs will permit.
Alon. The Abbot, at whoſe Houſe Count *Gormaz* lies, } *Apart to* Belz.
Has ſent in haſte to ſpeak with me, I gueſs,
To fix the Order of his Funeral.
Bel. Spare us at leaſt a Moment from th' Occaſion,
Ximena has not yet been fully told
The Action of our late Deliverance;
The Fame of *Carlos* may compoſe her Sorrows.
Alon. Permit the Action then to praiſe it ſelf;
Late in the Night, at Lord *Alvarez'* Houſe,
Five Hundred Friends were gather'd in his Cauſe,
To oppoſe the Vengeance, that purſu'd his Son;
But in the common Danger, brave *Alvarez*,
With valiant *Carlos* at their Head, prefer'd
The publick Safety to their private Honour,
And march'd with Swords determin'd 'gainſt the *Moors*.
This brave Example, e'er they reach'd the Harbour,
Increas'd their Numbers to Three Thouſand ſtrong.
Bel. Were the *Moors* landed e'er you reach'd the Port?
Alon. Not till ſome Hours after, when we arriv'd,
Our Troops were form'd, *Ximena* was the Word,
And *Carlos* foremoſt, to confront the Foe.
The *Moors* not yet in view, he order'd firſt
Two Thirds of our divided Force to lie
Conceal'd i'th' Hatches of our Ships in Harbour;
The reſt, whoſe Numbers every Moment ſwell'd,
Halted with *Carlos*, on the Shore, impatient,
And ſilent on their Arms repoſing, paſs'd
The ſtill remainder of the waſting Night.
At length the Brightneſs of the Moon preſents
Near Twenty Sail approaching with the Tyde;
Our Order ſtill obſerv'd, we let them paſs;
Nor at the Port, or Walls, a Man was ſeen.
This Deadneſs of our Silence wings their Hopes
To ſeize th' Occaſion, and ſurprize us ſleeping,
And now they diſembark, and meet their Fate,
For at the Inſtant they were half on Shore,

Uproſe

Uproſe the Numbers in our Ships conceal'd,
And to the vaulted Heav'n thunder'd their Huzza's,
Which *Carlos* eccho'd from his Force on Shore:
At this, amaz'd Confuſion ſeiz'd their Troops,
And e'er their Chiefs cou'd form them to reſiſt,
We preſs'd them on the Water, drove them on
The Land, then fir'd their Ships to ſtop their Flight:
How e'er at length their Leaders bravely rallying,
Recover'd them to order, and a while
Suſtain'd their Courage, and oppos'd our Fury:
But, when their burning Ships began to flame,
The dreadful Blaze preſenting to their View
Their ſlaughter'd Heaps that fell where *Carlos* fought,
(For oh he fought, as if to die were Victory)
Their fruitleſs Courage then reſign'd their Hopes;
And now their wounded King deſpairing, call'd
Aloud, and hail'd our General to ſurrender,
Whom *Carlos* anſwering receiv'd his Priſoner:
At this, the reſt had on Submiſſion Quarter,
Our Trumpets ſound, and Shouts proclaim our Victory:
While *Carlos* bore his Captive to his Father,
Whoſe Heart tranſported at the Royal Prize,
Dropt Tears of Joy, and to the King convey'd him,
Where now he's pleading for his Son's Diſtreſs,
And asks but Mercy for his glorious Triumph. [*Exit.*

Xim. Too much! it is too much, relentleſs Heav'n!
Th' Oppreſſion's greater than my Soul can bear!
O wounding Vertue! O my tortur'd Heart!
Art only thou forbidden to applaud him?
Cannot a Nation ſav'd appeaſe thy Vengeance?
Why! why juſt Heav'n, are his Deeds ſo glorious,
And only fatal to the Heart that loves him?

Bel. Compoſe, *Ximena*, thy Diſorder, ſee,
The King approaches, ſmiling on *Alvarez*,
Whoſe Heart o'erflowing, guſhes at his Eyes,
And ſpeaks his Plea too ſtrong for thy Complaint.

Xim. Then ſleep, my Love, and Vertue arm t'oppoſe him,
Let me look backward on his fatal Honour,
Survey this mournful Pomp of his Renown,
Theſe woeful Trophies of his conquer'd Love,
That thro' my Father's Life purſu'd his Fame,
And made me in his Nuptial Hopes an Orphan:
O broken Spirit! would'ſt thou ſpare him now,
Think on thy Father's Blood! exert the Daughter,
Suppreſs thy Paſſion, and demand thy Victim.

Enter

Enter King, Alvarez, Sanchez, *&c.*

King. Diſmiſs thy Fears, my Friend, and Man thy Heart,
For while his Actions are above Reward,
Mercy's of Courſe included in the Debt.
Our ableſt Bounty's Bankrupt to his Merit,
Our Subjects reſcu'd from ſo fierce a Foe,
The *Moors* defeated, e'er the rude Alarm
Allow'd us Time to order our Defence,
Our Crown protected, and our Scepter fixt,
Are Actions that ſecure Acknowledgment.

Alv. My Tears, Sir, better than my Words will thank you.

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Don *Carlos*, Sir, without, attends your Pleaſure,
And comes ſurrender'd as his Word engag'd,
To anſwer the Appeal of fair *Ximena.*

King. Attend him to our Preſence.

Xim. O my Heart!

King. Ximena, with Compaſſion we ſhall hear thee,
But muſt not have thy Griefs arraign our Juſtice,
If in his Judge thou find'ſt an Advocate:
Nor leſs his Virtues, than thy Wrongs will plead.

Xim. O fainting Cauſe! but thus my Griefs demand him. [*Kneeling.*

[*While the King raiſes* Ximena, *enter* Alonzo, *and whiſpers* Alvarez.

Alv. This Inſtant, ſay'ſt thou? Can I leave my Son?

Alon. The Matter's more important than your Stay.
Make Haſte, my Lord.

Alv. What can thy Tranſport mean?
Be plain.

Alon. We have no Time to loſe in Words,
Away, I ſay.

Alv. Lead on, and eaſe my Wonder. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Carlos, *and kneels to the King.*

King. O riſe, my Warrior, raiſe thee to my Breaſt,
And in thy Maſter's Heart repeat thy Triumphs.

Car. Theſe Honours, Sir, to any Senſe but mine,
Might lift its Tranſports to Ambition's Height;
But while *Ximena*'s Sorrows preſs my Heart,
Forgive me, if deſpairing of Repoſe,
I taſte no Comfort in the Life ſhe ſeeks;
And urge the Iſſue of her Grief's Appeal.

King. Ximena, 'tis moſt true, has loſt a Father,
But thou haſt ſav'd her Country from its Fate,

And

And the ſame Vertue that demands thy Life,
Owes more than Pardon to the publick Weal.
Xim. My Royal Lord, vouchſafe my Griefs a Hearing;
O think not, Sir, becauſe my Spirits faint,
That the firm Conſcience of my Duty ſtaggers.
The Criminal I charge, has kill'd my Father;
And, tho' his Valour has preſerv'd the State,
Yet every Subject is not wrong'd like me,
Therefore with Eaſe may pardon, what they feel not:
As he has ſav'd a Nation from its Foes,
The Thanks that Nation owes him, are but juſt,
And I muſt join the general Voice t'applaud him:
But all the Tribute, that my Heart can ſpare him,
Is Tears of Pity; while my Wrongs purſue him,
What more than Pity can thoſe Wrongs afford?
What leſs than Juſtice can my Duty ask?
If publick Obligations muſt be paid him,
Let every ſingle Heart give equal Share:
(*Carlos* has prov'd, that mine is not ungrateful)
But muſt my Duty yield ſuch Diſproportion?
Muſt on my Heart a Father's Blood be levy'd,
And my whole Ruin pay the Publick Thanks?
If Blood for Blood might be before demanded,
Is it leſs due, becauſe his Fame's grown greater?
Shall Vertue, that ſhou'd guard, inſult your Laws,
And tollerate our Paſſions to infringe 'em?
If to defend the Publick, may excuſe
A private Wrong, how is the Publick ſafe?
How is the Nation from a Foe preſerv'd,
If every Subject's Life is at his Mercy?
My Duty, Sir, has ſpoken, and kneels for Judgment.
Car. O Noble Spirit, how thou charm'ſt my Senſe, } [*Apart.*
And giv'ſt my Heart a Pleaſure in my Ruin. }
King. Raiſe thee, *Ximena*, and compoſe thy Thoughts,
As thou to *Carlos*' Deeds haſt ſpoke impartial,
So to thy Vertue, that purſues him, we
Muſt give an equal Plaudit of our Wonder:
But we have now our Duty to diſcharge,
Which far from blaming, ſhall exalt thy own:
If thy chaſte Fame, which we confeſs ſublime,
Compels thy Duty to ſuppreſs thy Love,
To raiſe yet higher then thy matchleſs Glory,
Prefer thy Native Country to them both.
And to the Publick Tears reſign thy Victim:
Where a whole People owe their Preſervation,

Shall

Shall private Juſtice do a publick Wrong,
And feed thy Vengeance with the general Sorrow?
Xim. Is then my Cauſe the Publick's Victim?
King. No.
We've yet a Hope to conquer thy Reſentment,
And rather wou'd compoſe than ſilence it:
For if our Arguments ſeem yet too weak
To guard thy Vertue from the leaſt Reproach,
Behold the generous Sanction that protects it,
Read there the Pardon which thy Father gives him,
And with his dying Hand aſſigns thy Beauties.
Xim. My Father's Pardon!
King, Read, and raiſe thy Wonder.
Xim. (Reads) '*Alvarez* wrong'd me in my Maſter's Favour,
'*Carlos* is brave, and has deſerv'd *Ximena!*
Car. O Soul of Honour! now lamented Victory!
King. Now, fair *Ximena,* now reſume thy Peace,
Reduce thy Vengeance to thy Father's Will,
And join the Hand his Honour has forgiven.
Xim. All-gracious Heav'n! have my ſwoln Eyes their Senſe?
D. San. O tottering Hope, but I have yet a Thought,
That will compel her Vertue to purſue him.
Xim. Why did you ſhew me, Sir, this wounding Goodneſs?
This Legacy, tho' fit for him to leave,
Wou'd in his Daughter be Reproach to take;
Honour unqueſtion'd may forgive a Foe,
But who'll not doubt it when it ſpares a Lover?
If you propos'd to mitigate my Griefs,
You ſhou'd have hid this cruel Obligation,
Why wou'd you ſet ſuch Vertues in my View,
And make the Father dearer than the Lover?
King. Since with ſuch Rigour thou purſu'ſt thy Vengeance,
And what we meant ſhou'd pacify, provokes it,
Attend ſubmiſſive to our laſt Reſolve:
For ſince thy Honour's ſo ſeverely ſtrict,
As not to ratify thy Father's Mercy,
We'll right at once thy Duty and thy Lover:
Give thee the Glory of his Life purſu'd,
And ſeal his Pardon to reward thy Vertue.
Xim. Avert it Heav'n, that e'er my guilty Heart
Shou'd impiouſly inſult a Father's Grave,
And yield his Daughter to the Hand that kill'd him.
D. San. Unnatural Thought! Madam, ſuppreſs your Tears,
Your murder'd Father was my deareſt Friend,

Permit

Permit me therefore in your ſinking Cauſe,
To offer an Expedient may ſupport it.
Xim. Whatever Right or Juſtice may, I am bound
In Duty to purſue, and thank your Friendſhip.
D. San. Thus then to Royal Juſtice I appeal,
And in *Ximena*'s Right her Advocate,
Demand from *Carlos* your Reverſe of Pardon.
King. What means thy Tranſport?
D. San. Sir, I urge your Laws,
And ſince her Duty's forc'd to theſe Extreams,
There's yet a Law from whence there's no Appeal,
A Right, which e'en your Crown's oblig'd to grant her,
The Right of Combat, which I here demand;
And ask her Vengeance from a Champion's Sword.
Car. O Sacred Sir, I caſt me at your Feet,
And beg your Mercy wou'd relieve my Woes;
Since her firm Duty is inflexible,
Conſign her Victim to the braver Sword.
Grant this Expedient to acquit my Crime,
Or ſilence with my Arm her Heart's Reproaches:
O nothing is ſo painful as Suſpenſe,
This Way our Griefs are equally reliev'd,
Her Duty's full diſcharg'd, your Juſtice crown'd,
And Conqueſt muſt attend Superior Vertue.
King. This barbarous Law, which yet is unrepeal'd,
Has often againſt Right, groſs Wrongs ſupported,
And robb'd our State of many noble Subjects;
Nor ever was our Mercy tempted more
T' oppoſe its Force, than in our Care for *Carlos*:
But ſince his Peace depends upon his Love,
And cruel Love inſiſts upon its Right,
We'll truſt his Vertues to the Chance of Combat,
And let his Fate reproach, or win *Ximena*.
Xim. What unforeſeen Calamities ſurround me?
King. Ximena! now no more complain, we grant
Thy Suit, but where's this Champion of thy Cauſe?
Whoſe Appetite of Honour is ſo keen,
As to confront in Arms this lawrell'd Brow,
And dare the ſhining Terrors of his Sword?
D. San. Behold th' Aſſailant of this glorious Hero,
Your Leave, dread Sir, thus to appel him forth. [*Draws.*
Bel. Hold Heart, and ſpare me from the publick Shame.
[*Aſide.*
D. San. Carlos, behold the Champion of *Ximena*,
Behold th' Avenger of brave *Gormaz*' Blood,

Who

Who calls thee Traytor to thy injur'd Love,
Ungrateful to the Sighs that pitied thee,
And proudly partial thy Father's Falſhood:
Theſe Crimes my Sword ſhall prove upon thy Heart,
And to defend them dares thee to the Combat.
Car. Open the Liſts, and give the Aſſailant Room,
There on his Life my injur'd Sword ſhall prove,
This Arm ne'er drew it but in Right of Honour:
Firſt, for thy Slander, *Sanchez*, I defy thee,
And throwing to thy Teeth the Traytor's Name,
Will waſh th' Imputation with thy Blood;
And prove thy Vertue falſe as is thy Spirit:
For not *Ximena*'s Cauſe but Charms have fir'd thee,
Vainly thou ſteal'ſt thy Courage from her Eyes,
And baſely ſtain'ſt the Vertue that ſubdu'd her.
D. San. O that thy Fame in Arms---
King. Sanchez, forbear---
Tis not your Tongues muſt arbitrate your Strife,
Let in the Liſts your Vauntings be approv'd.
Whoſe Arm, *Ximena*, ſhall defend your Cauſe?
Xim. O Force of Duty! Sir, the Arm of *Sanchez*.
D. San. My Word's my Gage.
King. 'Tis well, the Liſts are ſet,---
Let on the Morn the Combatants be cited,
And, *Felix*, you be Umpire of the Field.
Car. The Valiant, Sir, are never unprepar'd,
O Sir, at once relieve my Soul's Suſpence,
And let this Inſtant Hour decide our Fate:
D. San. This Moment, Sir—— I join in that with *Carlos*.
King. Since both thus preſs it, be it now decided.
Carlos be ready at the Trumpet's Call,
You, *Felix*, when the Combat's done, conduct
The Victor to our Preſence—— Now, *Ximena*,
As thou art juſt or cruel in thy Duty,
Expect the Iſſue will reward or grieve thee:
Sanchez ſet forward—— *Carlos* we allow
Thy pitied Love a Moment with *Ximena*.
[*Exit King and Train.*
D. San. A fruitleſs Moment that muſt prove his laſt.
[*Exit.*
Car. Ximena! O permit me e'er I die,
To tell thy Heart, thy hard Unkindneſs kills me.
Xim. Ah *Carlos*, can thy Plaints reproach my Duty,
Nay, art thou more than *Sanchez* is, in Danger?
Car. Or thou more injur'd than thy hapleſs Father,

Whoſe

Whoſe greater Heart forgave my Senſe of Honour?
Thou can'ſt not think I ſpeak regarding Life,
Which hopeleſs of thy Love's not worth my Care,
But oh! it ſtrikes me with the laſt Deſpair,
To think that lov'd *Ximena*'s Heart had leſs
Compaſſion than my mortal Enemy;
My Life had then indeed been worth Acceptance,
Had thy relenting Throes of Pity ſav'd it:
But, as it is purſu'd to theſe Extreams,
Thus made the Victim of ſuperfluous Fame,
And doom'd the Sacrifice of filial Rigour,
Theſe Arms ſhall open to thy Champion's Sword,
And glut the Vengeance, that ſupports thy Glory.

Xim. Haſt thou no Honour, *Carlos*, to defend?

[*Trembling.*

Car. How can I loſe what *Sanchez* cannot gain?
For where's his Honour, where there's no Reſiſtance?
Is it for me to guard *Ximena*'s Foe,
Or turn outragious on the friendly Breaſt,
Which her diſtreſsful Charms have warm'd to right her?

Xim. O cruel *Carlos!* thus to rack my Heart
With hard Reproaches, that thou know'ſt are groundleſs;
Why doſt thou talk thus cruelly of Death,
And give me Terrors unconceiv'd before?
What tho' my Force of Duty has purſu'd thee,
Has thou not left thy Courage to defend thee?
O! is thy Quarrel to our Race reviv'd,
Cou'd'ſt thou to right thy Honour, kill my Father?
And now not guard it to deſtroy *Ximena*?

Car. O heav'nly Sound, O Joy unfelt before!

Xim. O! Is my Duty then not thought compulſive?
Can'ſt thou believe I'm pleas'd while I purſue thee?
Or think'ſt thou I'm not pleas'd the King preſerv'd thee?
And that thy Courage yet may ward my Vengeance?
O if thou knew'ſt what Tranſports fill'd my Heart,
When firſt I heard the *Moors* had fled before thee,
Thy Love wou'd feel Confuſion for my Shame,
And ſcarce forgive the Paſſion thou reproacheſt:
O *Carlos*, guard thy Life, and ſave *Ximena!*

Car. And ſave *Ximena!* O thou haſt fir'd my Heart
With animated Love, and ſav'd thy *Carlos*---

[*Sound Trumpets.*

But hark the Trumpet calls me to the Liſt!

Xim. May Heav'ns high Care, and all its Angels guard thee!

Car. Words

Car. Words wou'd but wrong my Heart, my Sword ſhall
ſpeak it:
Sanchez, I come—— Impatient to chaſtiſe
Thy Love, which makes thee now the Criminal;
I might have ſpar'd thee, had the Rival ſlept,
But boldly thus avow'd, thou art worth my Sword——
'Tis ſaid the Lion, tho' diſtreſt for Food,
Eſpying on the Turf the Huntſman ſleeping,
Reſtrains his Hunger, and forbears the Prey,
But when his rouſing Foe alarm'd and ready
Uplifts his Javelin brandiſht to aſſail him,
The generous Savage then erects his Creſt,
Grinds his ſharp Fangs, and with fierce Eyes inflam'd,
Surveys him worthy of his Rage defy'd,
Furious uprearing ruſhes on the Game,
And crowns at once his Vengeance and his Fame. [*Exit.*

Xim. O glorious Spirit! O hard-fated Vertue!
With what Reluctance has my Heart purſu'd thee?

Bel. Was ever Breaſt like mine with Woe divided?
I fear the Dangers of the faithleſs *Sanchez*,
And tremble more for his dread Sword's Succeſs:
Shou'd *Carlos* fall— What ſtops him from *Ximena*?
Keep down my Sighs, or ſeems to riſe for her.

Xim. Tell me, *Belzara*, was my Terror blameful?
Might not his Paſſion make my Heart relent,
And feel at ſuch a Time a Pang to ſave him?

Bel. So far was your Compaſſion from a Crime,
That 'tis th' exalted Merit of your Duty;
Had *Carlos* been a Stranger to your Heart,
Where were the Vertue, that your Griefs purſu'd him?
Were it no Pain to loſe him, where the Glory?
The Sacrifice that's great, muſt firſt be dear;
The more you Love, the nobler is your Victim.

Xim. Thy partial Friendſhip ſees not ſure my Fault,
I doubt my youthful Ignorance has err'd,
And the ſtrict Matron rigidly ſevere,
May blame this Weakneſs of my Woman's Heart:
But let her feel my Tryal firſt, and if
She blames me then, I will repent the Crime.
[*Sound Trumpet at Diſtance.*
Hark, hark, the Trumpet! O tremendous Sound!
Belzara! O the Combat is began,
The agonizing Terror ſhakes my Soul,
Help me, ſupport me with thy friendly Comforts,
O tell me what my Duty owes a Parent,

And

And warm my Wiſhes in his Champion's Favour---
Oh Heav'n! it will not, will not be! my Heart
Rebels, and ſpite of me inclines to *Carlos*,
Who now again, in *Sanchez*, fights my Father;
Now he attacks him, preſſes, now retreats;
Again recovers, and reſumes his Fire,
Now grows too ſtrong, and is at laſt triumphant!
Bel. Reſtrain thy Thoughts, collect thy Conſtancy,
Give not thy Heart imaginary Wounds,
Thy Vertue muſt be Providence's Care.
Xim. O guard me Heav'n--- Help me to ſupport it! ah!
[*Trumpets and Shouts.*
'Tis done, thoſe dreadful Shouts proclaim the Victor;
If *Carlos* conquers, ſtill I've loſt a Father;
And if he periſhes, then--- die *Ximena*.
Bel. Conquer who may, no Hope ſupports *Belzara*.

Enter Garcia.

Came you, Don *Garcia*, from the Combat?
Gar. Madam,
The King, to ſhew he diſapproves the Cuſtom,
Forbad his own Domeſticks to be preſent. [*Shouts nearer.*
But I preſume 'tis done, theſe Shouts confirm it;
Hence from this Window, we may gueſs the Victor.
Xim. O tell me quickly, while I've Senſe to hear thee.
Gar. O Heav'n, 'tis *Sanchez*, I ſee him with his Sword,
In Triumph preſſing thro' the Crowd his Way.
Xim. Sanchez! thou'rt ſure deceiv'd, O better yet
Inform thy dazled Eyes.
Gar. 'Tis certain he!
For now he ſtops, and ſeems to warn them back;
The Crowd retires, I ſee him plain, and now
He mounts the Steps that lead to this Apartment.
Xim. Then fatal Vengeance, thou art dearly ſated,
Now Love unbounded may o'erflow my Heart,
And *Carlos'* Fate without a Crime be mourn'd:
O *Sanchez*, if poor *Carlos* told me true,
If 'twas thy Love, not Honour fought my Cauſe,
Thy Guilt has purchas'd with thy Sword my Scorn,
And made thy Paſſion wretched as *Ximena*.
Bel. Oh Heav'n ſupport her nobler Reſolution--
But ſee, he comes to meet the Diſappointment.

Enter Don Sanchez, *and lays his Sword at* Ximena's *Feet.*

D. San. Madam, this Sword that in your Cauſe was drawn---

Xim. Stain'd with the Blood of *Carlos*, kills *Ximena.*

D. San. I come to mitigate your Griefs.

Xim. Avant, avoid me, wing thee from my Sight,
O thou haſt given me for Revenge, Deſpair,
Haſt raviſht with thy murtherous Arm my Peace,
And robb'd my Wiſhes of their deareſt Object.

D. San. Hear me but ſpeak.

Xim. Can'ſt thou ſuppoſe 'twill pleaſe me,
To hear thy Pride triumphant, paint my Ruin,
Vaunt thy vain Proweſs, and reproach my Sorrows?

D. San. Thoſe Sorrows, wou'd you hear my Story--

Xim. Hence.
To Regions diſtant, as thy Soul from Joy,
Fly, and in gloomy Horrors waſte thy Life:
Remorſe, and pale Affliction wait thee to
Thy Reſt, Repoſe forſake thee, frightful Dreams
Alarm thy Sleeps, and in thy waking Hours,
May Woes like mine purſue thy Steps for ever.

Bel. O charming Rage! how cordially ſhe hates him!

Enter King.

King. What, ſtill in Tears, *Ximena*? Still complaining!
Cannot thy Duty's full Diſcharge content thee?
Repin'ſt thou at the Act of Providence?
And think'ſt thy Cauſe ſtill wrong'd in Heav'ns Decree?

Xim. O far, Sir, from my Soul be ſuch a Thought,
I bow ſubmiſſive to high Heav'n's Appointment,
But is Affliction impious in its Sorrow?
Tho' Vengeance to a Father's Blood was due,
Is it leſs Glorious, that I priz'd the Victim?
Has Nature loſt its Privilege to weep,
When all that's valuable in Life is gone?
O *Carlos, Carlos!* I ſhall ſoon be with thee.

King. Are then theſe Tears for *Carlos*-- O *Ximena!*
The vanquiſht *Sanchez* has deceiv'd thy Grief,
And made this Tryal of thy generous Heart,
For know thy *Carlos* lives, and lives to adore thee.

Xim.

Xim. What means my Royal Lord?

King. Inform her, *Sanchez*.

D. San. The Fortune of the Combat I had told before,
Had, Sir, her Fright endu'd my Speech,
I wou'd have told you, Madam, as oblig'd
In Honour to the conquering Sword of *Carlos*,
How nobly, for your ſake, he ſpar'd your Champion;
When on the Earth ſuccumbent, and diſarm'd,
I lay: 'Live, *Sanchez*, ſaid the generous Victor,
'The Life that fights *Ximena*'s Cauſe, is Sacred;
'Take back thy Sword, and at her Feet preſent
'The glorious Trophy which her Charms have won,
'The laſt Oblation, that Deſpair can make her.
Toucht with the noble Fullneſs of his Heart,
I flew to execute the grateful Charge,
But, Madam, your Affright miſtook the Victor,
And your impatient Griefs refus'd me Audience.

King. Now think, *Ximena*, one Moment think for *Carlos!*

Xim. O Love! O perſecuted Heart!
Inſtruct me Heav'n to ſupport my Fame,
To right my Paſſion, and revere my Father.

D. San. And now with juſt Confuſion, Sir, I own
In me 'twas guilty Love, that drew my Sword;
But ſince th' Event has crown'd a nobler Paſſion,
I plead the Merit of that Sword's Defeat,
Regret the Error, and intreat for Pardon.

King. Sanchez, thy Crime is puniſht in it ſelf,
We late have heard of thy retracted Vows,
Which on thy ſtrict Allegiance we enjoin
Thy Honour, inſtantly to ratify:
Suppreſs thy Tears, *Belzara*, he ſhall right thee.

Xim. 'Tis fixt, a Beam of heav'nly Light breaks forth,
And ſhews my ruin'd Peace its laſt Reſource.

Gar. Don *Carlos*, Sir, attends your Royal Pleaſure.

King. Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, to approach?

Xim. O Sir, yet hold, I dare not ſee him now,
While my depending Juſtice was my Guard,
I ſaw him fearleſs from Aſſaults of Love:
But now my vanquiſht Vengeance dreads his Merit,
And conſcious Duty warms me to avoid him;
Since then my Heart's impartial to his Vertues,
O do not call me cruel to his Love,

If I in Reverence to a Father's Blood,
Shou'd ſhut my Sorrows ever from his Sight;
For tho' you raiſe above Mankind his Merit,
And I confeſs it--- ſtill he has kill'd my Father---
Nay, tho' I grant the Fact may plead for Mercy,
Yet 'twou'd in me be impious to reward it;
My Eyes may mourn, but never muſt behold him more:
Yet, e'er I part, let, Sir, my humbleſt Senſe
Applaud your Mercy, and confeſs your Juſtice:
Hence to ſome Sacred Cloiſter I'll retire,
And dedicate my future Days to Heav'n—
'Tis done-- O lead me to my peaceful Cell,
One Sigh for Carlos--- *Now vain World farewell.*

[*As* Xim. *is going off.*

Enter Alvarez *and* Alonzo.

Alv. Turn, turn, *Ximena*, O prepare to hear
A Story will diſtract thy Senſe with Joy,
Drive all thy Sorrows from thy ſinking Heart,
And crown thy Duty with triumphant Love.
Pardon, dread Sir, this Tumult of my Soul,
That carries in my Rudeneſs my Excuſe;
O preſs me not to tell Particulars,
But let my Tidings leap at once the Bounds
Of your Belief, and in one Burſt of Joy
Inform my Royal Maſter, that his Crown's Support,
My vanquiſht Friend, thy Father, *Gormaz*, lives;
He lives in Health confirm'd from Mortal Danger,
Theſe Eyes have ſeen him, theſe bleſt Arms embrac'd him.
The Means, th' Occaſion of his Death ſuppos'd,
Wou'd ask more Words than I have Breath to utter,
Alonzo knows it all—— O where's my *Carlos*?

King. Fly, *Sanchez!* make him with this News, thy Friend.

Alv. O lead me, lead me, to his Heart's Relief.——

[*Exeunt.*

Xim. O Heav'n! *Alvarez* wou'd not ſure deceive me.

King. Proceed, *Alonzo*, and impart the Whole,
Whence was his Death ſo firmly credited,
And his Recovery not before reveal'd?

Alon. My Liege, the great Effuſion of his Blood
Had ſuch Effect on his deſerted Spirits,

That

That I, who ſaw him, judg'd him quite expir'd:
But when the Abbot, at whoſe Houſe he lay,
With friendly Sorrow waſht his hopeleſs Wound,
His heaving Breaſt diſcover'd Life's Return;
When calling ſtrait for Help, on ſtricter Search,
His Wound was found without a mortal Symptom:
And when his Senſes had reſum'd their Function,
His firſt Words ſpoke his generous Heart's Concern
For *Carlos*, and *Ximena*; when being told
How far her filial Vengeance had purſu'd him:
Is't poſſible, he cry'd? Oh Heav'n! then wept,
And beg'd his Life might be one Day conceal'd,
That ſuch exalted Merit of her Duty
Might raiſe her Vertue worthy of his Love:
But, Sir, to tell you how *Alvarez* met him,
What generous Reconcilements paſs'd between them,
Wou'd ask more Time, than publick Joy cou'd ſpare.
Let it ſuffice, the Moment he had heard
Ximena had appeal'd brave *Carlos* to the Liſts,
We flew with Terror to proclaim him Living---
But, Sir, ſo ſoon the Combat follow'd your
Decree, that breathleſs we arriv'd too late,
And had not his Phyſicians, Sir, preſcrib'd
His Wound Repoſe, himſelf had ventur'd forth
To throw his Errors at your Feet for Pardon.

King. Not only Pardon, but our Love ſhall greet him.
Brave *Carlos*, ſhall himſelf be Envoy of
Our Charge, and gratulate his bleſt Recovery:
Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, now t' approach you?

Xim. My Senſes ſtagger with tumultuous Joy,
My Spirits hurry to my Heart's Surprize,
And ſinking Nature faints beneath the Tranſport.

[*Enter* Alvarez, Sanchez, *and* Carlos.

King. Look up, *Ximena*, and compleat thy Joy.
Xim. My *Carlos!* oh!
Car. *Ximena!* O my Heart! } [*Embracing.*
Alv. O *Carlos!* O *Ximena*, yet ſuppreſs
Theſe Tranſports till kind *Gormaz'* Hand confirms them:
Firſt pay your Duty there, haſte to his Feet,
And let his Sanction conſecrate your Love.

King. Loſe not a Moment from his Sight! O fly!
Tell him his King congratulates his Health,

And

And will with Loads of Honour crown his Vertues,
Nor in his Oriſons let his Heart forget
The Hand of Heav'n, whoſe providential Care

Has order'd All the Innocent to ſave,
To right the Injur'd, and reward the Brave.

FINIS.

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